The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916.

Summary of the News

Dispatches from Washington for the past ten days have prepared the country for developments of a grave nature in the Mexican situation. Expectation of an impending crisis was further emphasized by the hint of the possibility of intervention introduced into the Democratic platform adopted at St. Louis. The President's reply to Carranza's note of May 31, demanding the withdrawal of American troops from Mexican territory, went forward on Tuesday. In refusing to accede to the demands of the de-facto Government the note reaffirms the good intentions of the United States and sharply rebukes Carranza for his unwarranted charges and insinuations of bad faith. Meanwhile, the fear is that events may have progressed beyond the stage of diplomatic negotiation. A landing party of American bluejackets was fired on at Mazatlan on Sunday. A new raid into Texas last week, involving a clash with American forces in which three troopers were killed, resulted in the dispatch across the border of a fourth punitive expedition.

This expedition returned to Brownsville on Sunday, having accomplished its object. During its return, however, it was attacked by a detachment which appears to have been composed of troops of the de-facto Government. This attack may or may not have been in partial fulfilment of the so-called ultimatum presented by Carranza's Consul at Brownsville on June 17, stating that unless the American troops were withdrawn they would be attacked by Carranzista forces. The seriousness of the situation is such that on Sunday Secretary Baker announced the calling out of "substantially all the State militia," part of which it is intended shall be used to strengthen the patrol of the border, thereby releasing the regulars for active service. Additional units of the navy, from both the east and the west coasts, have also been ordered to Mexican waters.

The Democratic Convention, which opened at St. Louis on Wednesday of last week and closed on Friday, by the nature of the case excited less interest than the Republican Convention of the week previous. The nomination of Mr. Wilson for the Presidency, a foregone conclusion, took place almost at midnight on June 15, and was followed immediately by the nomination of Mr. Marshall for the Vice-Presidency, also inevitable since the Republican nomination of his fellow-Indianan, Mr. Fairbanks. Proceedings on the day of nomination, in danger of becoming tedious, were enlivened by a speech by Mr. Bryan, himself a mere reporter, but invited to speak by resolution of the Convention. Mr. Bryan made it plain that whatever differences he had had with the President were buried, and that Mr. Wilson would receive his whole-hearted support. The only other incident of the pre-nomination proceedings that created a ripple of excitement was the speech of ex-Gov. Glynn, of New York, on the opening day, when boundless enthusiasm was aroused by the speaker's recital of various historic instances of the United States refraining from going to war.

On the Democratic platform, which was adopted on the concluding day of the Convention, we comment in our editorial columns. That plank in it which has aroused most interest is the exceedingly strong statement, insisted on by President Wilson, condemning hyphenated Americanism. A phrase that is also worth attention occurs in that part of the platform which deals with international relations, and is evidently addressed to those German-Americans who have accused the Administration of an unneutral attitude in its dealings with the two groups of belligerents. The Administration, it says, "has regarded the lives of its citizens and the claims of humanity as of greater moment than material rights, and peace as the best basis for the just settlement of commercial claims."

As an aftermath of the Republican Convention's nomination of Mr. Hughes the air has been filled with clamorings concerning his attitude towards the hyphen. Anxiety to hear a specific declaration on this point by the Republican candidate comes as a result of the somewhat cool appropriation of Mr. Hughes as their candidate by certain German-American newspapers and organizations. Thus the *Fatherland*, fervidly patriotic and non-partisan, "joyfully subscribes to" Mr. Hughes's telegram accepting the nomination, which it hails as signifying "the redemption of the Republican party" from "the sinister forces of Nativism" to which Root, Roosevelt, or Lodge would have surrendered it. No announcement has been made as yet of any rapprochement between Mr. Hughes and Colonel Roosevelt, and it is commonly supposed that the support of the latter will depend on the Republican candidate's specifically repudiating the appropriation of him by the "hyphenated vote." Meanwhile, a number of Progressives have already announced that Mr. Hughes will have their support.

The great Russian offensive has continued since we wrote last week with almost uninterrupted success, although the extraordinarily rapid rate of advance during the first week that followed the initial surprise has naturally not been maintained. The capture of Czernowitz, for some days reported unofficially, was officially announced in a laconic communication from Petrograd published on Monday, which added that the retreating Austrians were being pursued towards the Carpathians. The total of prisoners taken since the beginning of the drive amounts, according to reports as we write, to between 160,000 and 170,000. The capture of Radziviloff, previously announced, has had the effect of straightening out the Russian line from Lutsk to Czernowitz, and imperils the Austrian army in the Tarnapol region. Further north, in the Volhynian sector, more determined opposition appears to have been encountered, Berlin recording successful counter-attacks in the neighborhood of Kolki. The Russian communication of Sunday concerning this front revealed the fact that German reinforcements had been brought from the west. Opinion among military critics as to the strategic purpose of the Russian drive seems to agree that General Brusiloff's object is not so much the recovery of territory as the defeat and elimination of armies.

On other fronts the military situation during the week has changed, if at all, in favor of the Allies. At Ypres the Canadians, early last week, regained all of the territory recently lost by them. At Verdun German assaults have been repulsed and a slight advance west of Vaux was recorded in the French communication of June 17. On the Italian front the Austrians are everywhere on the defensive.

A small naval action took place in the Baltic on the night of June 13 between Russian destroyers and a German auxiliary cruiser and torpedo boats convoying steamers. According to the Russian statement of June 15 the German auxiliary cruiser and two "steamers of a small torpedo type" were sunk, the crew of the cruiser being captured. The torpedoing of two German merchant vessels in the Baltic was also unofficially reported on Sunday. Vessels sunk by mines or submarines in the "war zone" during the past week are one Swedish, one Norwegian, one Italian, one Spanish, and two British.

There have been numerous hints during the past week of the imminence of a great Allied offensive in the west, in which the most prominent part is to be played by the new British troops. Notably was this impression conveyed by a statement made by Mr. Bonar Law to the *Matin* of June 14 that the British army was completely in accord with General Joffre and was ready to move whenever the French commander gave the word. While there is no inherent improbability in the imminence of a general Allied offensive, no doubt the prime reason for Mr. Law's interview was to dissipate the wholly erroneous impression, which has evidently been gaining ground in France, that the British were "not doing their part" in the west, and should have created a diversion to relieve pressure on Verdun.

The personnel of the new Italian Cabinet formed by Paolo Boselli was announced in dispatches of June 17. Baron Sonnino, of Signor Salandra's Cabinet, remains as Foreign Minister, the rest of the Cabinet being made up of Radicals, Democrats, and Conservatives, and including two Socialists, one Republican, one Catholic, and one follower of ex-Premier Giolitti.

The situation of Greece in reference to the Allies' recently presented demands remains obscure, partly no doubt on account of the strict censorship, partly because the precise nature of the demands has not been revealed by the Allies. Meanwhile, the commercial blockade has been tightly drawn, the more tightly, it is said, since pro-German demonstrations, the *bona fides* of which seems open to suspicion, are reported to have occurred in Athens.

Lieut.-Gen. Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of the Supplementary General Staff of the German army, died suddenly on June 18, during a service of mourning in the Reichstag for the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz.

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The Week

That our relations with Mexico have become suddenly critical, it would be foolish to deny. The President's calling out of virtually the whole body of militia is described as a "precautionary" measure, yet it cannot fail to excite the gravest apprehensions. The National Guard is to be mobilized in the several States, and may not at once be sent to the border; but the effect will inevitably be to make the country suspect that President Wilson and the Department of State have such information before them as to cause fear of a rupture leading to war. This lies on the face of the Government's act. Pending the making public of the grounds for it, people will be disposed to think that armed intervention in Mexico is at last at hand.

This posture of affairs is undoubtedly serious and threatening. Yet the crisis does not appear to be rooted in difficulties incapable of adjustment. Mexico and the United States have at least one great object in common. This is to make an end of banditry in the northern regions of Mexico, and to render life and property safe on both sides of the border. To this end a certain degree of coöperation between Mexican forces and American troops has been had. Is there any good reason why this should not be maintained and extended? If the first conference between Gen. Scott and Gen. Obregon did not succeed, another might. Even in the proclamation of Gen. Treviño there was, along with patriotic flourishes, a distinct call upon loyal Mexicans to do their best to put down bandits, and prevent their crossing to American territory. Thus the opening still exists for our army to work out a plan of doing police work on a large scale, conjointly with Mexican soldiers and *rurales*. This step seems practicable, if reason and will are allowed sway on both sides. Our expeditionary forces far in the interior could be brought north into the troubled districts, for the purpose, with loss neither of dignity nor of efficiency. The original aim of hunting down Villa and his bands has been accomplished, so far as there is now any reasonable chance of its being accomplished. Villa himself long since disappeared. It is not a violent presumption that he is dead. His armed followers have been killed or dispersed. The chief work now to be done is to restore order in northern Mexico, and to prevent raids by irresponsible marauders across the border. If there is any reason why the two Governments should not come to an agreement to undertake this task, in a spirit of coöperation and amity, we should like to be told what it is.

Wilson's selection of Vance McCormick for National Chairman is a fresh indication of his political skill. As forward-looking as McCombs, the Pennsylvanian is a much sturdier figure than the man who engineered Mr. Wilson's boom—and this sturdiness is more than a matter of physique. But it is not McCormick's progressiveness alone which is responsible for his selection; his relation to the Progressives is to be credited with no small part in it. Two years ago, he was the joint candidate of the Democrats and Progressives for Governor of Pennsylvania. His choice, therefore, for one of the most conspicuous places in the coming campaign is a bid for the vote that was orphaned at Chicago. Mr. McCormick has a record of more than words. For years, no political task seemed so hopeless as that of reforming the Democracy of Pennsylvania, regularly betrayed by its leaders until it had become a mere tender to the Republican engine. Two young Democrats, McCormick and Palmer, had a large share in the accomplishment of this task, finally wresting the control from the tight fists of Col. Guffey. This enlistment of clear fighting ability will hearten the ranks of the party as it enters upon a struggle in which it recognizes the need of first-class generalship.

Whereas Woodrow Wilson was renominated by a vote of only 1,092 to 1, Thomas R. Marshall was renominated by acclamation. Even if Roger Sullivan's drive against the Vice-President was seriously meant, it was bound to distintegrate before the curtain of red fire and perfect harmony which settled down over the Convention from the beginning. Looking back over the record of three years, the Democratic party finds not an iota, not a scintilla, not a mote which it would have had otherwise—not even the Vice-President. But the eye free from partisanship does not discern in Mr. Marshall a perfect title to unanimous renomination. He has been a good deal of a disappointment. Before his election he was regarded as of something more than Vice-Presidential calibre. He had received serious mention for first place on the ticket. He had behind him a good record as Governor of Indiana and as leader of a brave and effective fight against Tom Taggart. But idleness, which is the father of much mischief, has been the undoing of Mr. Marshall. Once in Washington, and with little to do, he took to oratory; and in the course of three years he has managed to say a great many foolish things which have tended to make the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1916 a weaker figure than the nominee of 1912.

Bryan's declaration of unqualified support for Wilson is the last word in a very interesting chapter. That chapter may be regarded as having begun either at the time of Bryan's leaving the Cabinet on the Lusitania issue or at the time of his queer performances in the earlier stages of our controversy with Germany concerning submarine lawlessness. With his emancipation from the restraints of the Secretaryship of State came a number of very high-sounding announcements of a campaign against the policy of assertion of American rights to which the Administration was pledged. The note gradually became less and less audible; but some trace of it still remained, as was shown when Victor Murdock, at the Progressive Convention at Chicago, spoke of a Bryan and Ford ticket taking the field in the coming campaign. Mr. Bryan, of course, reiterates his abstract convictions—as he doubtless would do for every one of the large assortment of paramount issues which he has espoused at one time or another—but in the practical development of the campaign they will have no part. Bryan is on the Wilson band-wagon, and the slight dissonance that a keen ear may detect from time to time in the tune that he plays will not in any noticeable degree impair the effect of the music.

Mr. Wilson put his finger on the spot with a sure touch, in what he said in his Flag Day speech about his pro-German opponents. It is "a very small minority, but a very active and subtle minority" of German-Americans that have been carrying on this organized opposition; and the charge he makes is that they "are doing their best to undermine the influence of the Government of the United States in the interest of matters which are foreign to us." To defy them to do their worst is good politics. Just now, the element thus spurned by Mr. Wilson is indulging in the most exuberant expressions of love for Mr. Hughes and confidence in the utterly satisfactory character of his Americanism. This is doubtless great fun while it lasts; it is a long unaccustomed

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pleasure for a paper like the *New-Yorker Herold* to be able to shout for an American of the standing of Mr. Hughes. But if that gentleman doesn't put a sudden and complete stop to all this joy, and turn this unsought love-making into something of quite the opposite character, he is not the man we take him for.

The American Protective Tariff League must feel that the protection plank in the Republican platform is little better than a "pussy-footing" performance. The League had drawn up a tentative declaration on the tariff that had the true ring. Starting out with the principle that "industrial preparedness is the basis of national strength and power," it went on to declare that "we favor protection to all American industries alike, that all may prosper alike," and to register the pledge that "at the earliest moment following the election of a Protectionist President and the induction of a Protectionist Congress an adequately Protective Tariff shall be enacted." Instead of such a clarion call, the Chicago document has this:

> The Republican party stands now, as always, in the fullest sense for the policy of tariff protection to American industries and American labor, and does not regard an anti-dumping provision as an adequate substitute.

Instead of "protection to all American industries alike," it gives us this pale and trite definition:

> Such protection should be reasonable in amount, but sufficient to protect adequately American industry and American labor, and be so adjusted as to prevent undue exactions by monopolies or Trusts.

And instead of the demand for protectionist legislation "at the earliest moment," we get this:

> The welfare of our people demands its [the Underwood tariff] repeal and the substitution of a measure which, in peace as well as in war, will produce ample revenue and give reasonable protection to all forms of American production in mine, forest, field, and factory.

The Chicago platform is straight Republican on the tariff, of course; but its language is hardly that of the fierce joy of battle.

As was expected, the conference between the railway managers and the four railway brotherhoods broke up with a sharp rejection of the union demands by the companies, and a refusal by the union leaders to accept any proposals looking to arbitration. The next move is that of the brotherhoods. An appeal will be made to the rank and file to give the leaders authority to call a strike. There is little doubt that it will be granted, and that the union representatives will go into another conference with their power thus greatly strengthened. If a second deadlock ensues, the railways may again call for the mediatory services of the Federal Government under the Newlands act of 1913. The chairman for the workers characterized the chances for arbitration as slender, saying that the men were against it "because of the difficulty of obtaining neutral arbitrators who know the intricacy of the issues." The principal demand of the brotherhoods is for a "basic" eight-hour day, with greatly increased wages for overtime. But before it can be passed upon it must be shown what is actually meant by the fact that in a typical recent year there were 260,000 instances in which crew members worked for over sixteen hours; whether it is true that trainmen can earn an adequate income only by working for excessive periods; and whether, as the railway men contend, a feasible increase in the running time of freight trains, from ten to twelve and a half miles an hour, would bring most runs within the eight-hour limit. The railways should be able to estimate the probable cost of the change with some accuracy—their present statement is that it would be from 75 to 100 million dollars yearly; and their contention that it would be grossly unfair to the 82 per cent. of railway workers outside the train crews can be amplified by detailed comparison of the wages paid the two classes of labor. The campaign of education has already begun, one precedent being broken in the admission of reporters to the recent conferences.

Approval by the House of the bill for the erection of a national archives building, which passed the Senate in May, at last relieves the United States from the reproach of an indifference to its public records of which a semi-barbarous nation might have been ashamed. The Federal Government ought long ago to have made provision for its archives in a way to serve as inspiration to our States and cities; instead, scarcely one of our more populous commonwealths but has outdistanced it. With the passage of the bill went the repeal of a paragraph in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of 1913, which provided that before designs should be accepted inspection should be made of the best national halls of archives in Europe, and consultations held with European authorities. The war has made this impossible, though plans of the European buildings are available, and the Carnegie Institution has made a study of all the information in print concerning them. At any time in the last century fire might have robbed the nation of some of its most precious historical possessions, while some papers have suffered greatly from exposure to moisture and vermin, and many have been all but inaccessible to students of research. Happily, we may now think of all that as soon to be ended.

Senator Burleigh's death will have the same effect in Maine as that of Senator Shively in Indiana. Each of these States will have to elect both of its Senators in November. But there is a great difference between the possibilities thus created in the two States. Maine has been represented for half a dozen years by a Republican and a Democrat. Accordingly, the utmost that either party can do there in November is to win one Senator. The Republicans hoped for so much as this before, as a result of victory in Maine; now they must make sure of it in order to retain the one seat they already had. In Indiana, on the contrary, Republican victory would mean the capture of two Senatorships and in consequence a change of four votes in the party alignment. Senator Burleigh had a long political career, rising step by step from a clerkship in the Land Office to State Treasurer, Governor, Congressman, and Senator. Yet his name never became familiar to the country as the names of the men whom Maine sent to Washington long had a way of doing. Few persons could have said of recent years who were Maine's representatives in the Senate, as few could give now the name of Burleigh's colleague. So rapid have been the changes since the not far-distant days of Frye and Hale, of Dingley, of Boutelle, of Littlefield, of Blaine, and of Reed.

Mr. Bryan's huge system of military thoroughfares may remain in limbo, but this does not mean that we are indifferent to the improvement of our roads. The imagination that is untouched by the appeal based upon military considerations responds to the call of peaceful organizations like that of the Dixie Highway Association. At first planning a road from Chicago to Florida, those behind the scheme have become more ambitious, and now the road is to run to northern Michigan. One of the twin routes of the 2,000 miles it is hoped to complete this autumn, in time for Northerners to use it before winter catches them on their way South. Work is beginning upon the most

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difficult link in the chain—the road across the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee. Convict labor is assured for it, and six months set as the period for building it. Indiana is doing her part in reducing grades and laying foundations. Florida's counties are issuing bonds to cover the expense of their section of the line. Already a tour is announced for the highway, to start from Florida on July 2 and end at Chicago on July 12. Yet it is only a year since the first meeting of the Association. The plan recalls that of the Sheridan Road, which has been built bit by bit from Chicago to Milwaukee as communities along the way could be interested in it. Then there is the proposed Lincoln Highway between Washington and Gettysburg. But all these recent undertakings are but emulating the National Road, which, running from West Virginia to St. Louis, overcame obstacles in a way that arouses the admiration of the traveller two generations after its completion.

Mob law has received a rebuke from a South Carolina organization whose stand should have great influence upon the sentiment of that State. A year ago, the Bankers' Association of the State was holding its annual convention when the dispatches told the story of an attack upon a Sheriff and his deputies as they were taking a prisoner, charged with criminal assault, to the court house for trial. They had reached the very steps of the building when an armed mob engaged them in combat. In the struggle, the Sheriff, a deputy, and the prisoner were shot and killed. The news roused the bankers, and, following several addresses upon the subject, they passed resolutions denouncing the act of the mob "as destructive of the interest of all law-abiding citizens, and as tending to bring the State into the contempt of our sister States." They also subscribed, individually, for a tablet to be placed at a suitable spot in memory of the two slain officers. This tablet it was decided to place in the court house, the sanctity of which had been violated, and it has just been unveiled. The incident should increase the number of officials who, in the words of the inscription, "dare discharge their duty in the face of danger, even at the risk of their lives."

If anybody thinks that the figures of mortality from diphtheria to which attention has recently been drawn make a showing unfavorable to antitoxin it is solely because of an inability to think. To say, as is said in one newspaper account of the matter, that "the discovery and widespread use of diphtheria antitoxin since 1907 has not materially reduced either the prevalence of the disease or the percentage of deaths, particularly in the last five years," is much as though one should say that the discovery and widespread use of canned meats since 1907 had not materially reduced the prevalence of hunger. The antitoxin treatment was introduced in 1894 and has been in widespread use for about twenty years. To tell whether it reduces the mortality from the disease, one has to compare what happens when antitoxin is used with what happens when it is not used—and the comparison has been made on so large a scale, not only here but throughout the world, that there is absolutely no question about the matter. The percentage of cases of diphtheria which result in death has been reduced by the use of antitoxin to about one-fourth of what it was without it. Doubtless by a still more energetic and more general use of antitoxin the annual number of deaths from diphtheria might be still further reduced; but to deduce the uselessness of the method from the fact—if it is a fact, for the figures do not show even this—that the use of it does not yield greater and greater results year after year is about as near an approach to logical idiocy as anything we have come across for some time.

Dartmouth appears to have made a happy choice in her new president. While his experience has been chiefly that of a man engaged in affairs of business organization, the statement issued by him on the occasion of his election bespeaks a clearness of view as to the aims of his college which is often wanting nowadays in men taken from the academic ranks to fill like positions. The president-elect, Mr. Ernest M. Hopkins, says at the outset:

> The attractiveness of the traditional colleges of the East, among our institutions of higher learning throughout the country, has always seemed to me to lie in their distinctiveness. It is not as standardized units of a highly specialized educational system that we are interested in them, but it is because of the heritage of their worthy traditions, their cultural atmosphere, and their definite tendencies to render particular types of service.

That the significance of the college influence upon a man must be measured above all by the command it has given him of his mental faculties, and that, viewed from this standpoint, the value of the old-time classical and mathematical training "has been much more impressively proved than has the value of a great proportion of the subjects thrust into college programmes in recent years"—all this sounds very good, especially when coming from a man of thirty-eight whose reputation for practical ability rests chiefly upon his work as a business executive or organizer.

Harvard authorities must be pondering the figures that have just been published regarding the workings of the modified elective system, instituted six years ago. The half-dozen classes that have had the privilege of choosing their studies by groups show an increasing preference for the languages, literature, fine arts, and music; while the group of history, political and social sciences has attracted fewer and fewer. When the system was first offered the former group was elected by 156, and the latter by 233. Last year the former group was chosen by 276 and the latter by 160—practically a reversal of figures. The two other groups, the natural sciences and philosophy and mathematics, have held their own. In 1910 it was feared that the social and political studies would soon engross the attention of the majority of students, so rapidly had registration in them increased.

The movement towards a settlement in Ireland proceeds along the lines laid down in the Home Rule act already on the statutes. Nationalist opinion is seemingly reconciled to the exclusion of six out of the nine Ulster counties. Ulster, in turn, consents to the inclusion of three counties, for the simple reason that a plébiscite would probably show a majority in favor of Home Rule. Both parties profess that only Imperial considerations, in fact the very safety of the Empire, impel them to the supposed sacrifice. Only it is not Imperial considerations that have brought about the change of heart, but just ordinary shame for the tragedy of Dublin and the bloodshed that would have been avoided if the two parties had long ago given up their irreconcilable suspicions and hates and had agreed upon a working programme. If the Nationalists had been willing to go it without Ulster, if the people of Ulster, on the other hand, had not looked upon the six-year period of exclusion as only the postponement of a death sentence, Home Rule would now be working in Ireland, the Sinn Fein insurrection would have never been, and the expiration of the six-year interim would have found Ulster willing to take its chances under an Irish Parliament and the Nationalists willing to give Ulster its rights.

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WILSON AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Mr. Wilson's renomination gives the signal for long reviews of his Administration. About the work done there will be sharp debate; but not even the President's enemies will dispute the fact that his political rise was almost romantic and that his personality is most interesting. Is there not room, apart from any controverted matter, for a calm inquiry concerning the intellectual and moral qualities which Mr. Wilson has exhibited in the Presidency? How has he been as Executive? What has been his inner thought about his great office? Has he consciously undertaken to enlarge or modify its functions? Such questions can be asked, and the effort made to answer them, in no spirit of party, but merely as a study in the evolution of contemporary politics which will be future history.

In many ways Mr. Wilson has shown executive capacities of a high order. There has never been any question of his ascendency over his Cabinet. He has had a swift and sure eye for political troubles in the making, and has moved with promptitude and vigor to head them off. Witness his quick and resolute action in the Caminetti scandal, early in his term. It was in sharp contrast with the way in which Mr. Taft permitted the Ballinger row to grow to portentous size, before he did anything to stop it. But the Executive must have more than decision and energy. He must be a judge of men. He must know the difference between good advice and bad. He must understand how to throw a part of his burden upon the shoulders of others. And in these respects President Wilson has not been eminently successful. He does not easily draw strong men about him. He does not always listen to the wisest counsellors. He inclines to hold himself too much aloof, to decide everything for himself, and to carry the whole load on his own back. This, to be sure, is a "weakness," according to Swift in "Some Advice to the October Club," that "I have never yet known great Minister without." The whole passage sounds, indeed, as if it might have been written of Woodrow Wilson:

> I have known a great man of excellent parts blindly pursue a point of no importance [the Shipping bill, say] against the advice of every friend he had, until it ended in his ruin. I have seen great abilities rendered utterly useless by unaccountable and unnecessary delay, and by difficulty of access, by which a thousand opportunities are suffered to escape. I have observed the strongest shoulders to sink under too great a load of business, for want of dividing a due proportion among others.

Mr. Wilson brought a speculative mind to the Presidency and about the Presidency. This was the result of the long and close study of our political history and the development of our governmental agencies. He was always thinking of our institutions not only as they had been, but as they might come to be. The remarkable letter which he wrote to Mr. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, after he was elected President, but before he was inaugurated, showed that he felt great changes in the functions of the Presidency to be impending. His actual words were: "It seems to me that the present position of the Presidency in our actual system, as we use it, is quite abnormal, and must lead eventually to something very different." There is no objection to this. It implies that Mr. Wilson was a student and a keen observer. But is it not a latent peril for a President to be feeling that his functions are in a state of flux? Can he do his work best if he is thinking too often not of what he can do *in* the Presidency, but of what he can do *to* the Presidency? To our view, this speculative habit of Mr. Wilson's mind—speculative about the very office he holds—must tend to impair his clear and firm grasp of the business he has in hand. Very considerable changes in the conception of the President's rights and duties undoubtedly have occurred, and more will come; but it is not good for the man who is President to be striving consciously to bring them about. Let him do his tasks—*totus in illis*—and the rest will follow of itself.

One of Mr. Wilson's speculations about the Presidency led him sadly astray. In the same letter to Mr. Palmer he declared: "There ought never to be another Presidential nominating Convention, and there need never be another." This from the man who has just emerged triumphant from another Presidential Convention! And we all remember the debonair way in which Mr. Wilson laid before Congress his scheme for abolishing Presidential Conventions. He thought that the matter would not even be contentious: He would deftly unloose the knot by a Presidential primary under Federal law. Here was surely an instance of the speculative mind running forward too easily. Mr. Wilson was ignoring the obstacles both of custom and of law. He was quietly assuming that a momentous change, striking deep into our political psychology, could be made by a turn of the hand. He fell into that "solecism of power," as it has been called, which consists in believing that you can secure the end without employing the necessary means.

Besides having a speculative mind in the Presidency, Mr. Wilson has had an open mind. Far too open, some critics will say. It seems to admit new convictions, or expediences, at one end, as readily as it expels old ones at the other. The number of important points on which the President has wavered, or absolutely changed front, during the past year may bespeak his skill as a politician, but does not argue for that masculine and mature choice of positions, and that resolute clinging to them, which Americans have always delighted to honor in the Presidency.

We have not touched in the above on those issues between parties, those questions of national policy, of which we shall hear so much in the campaign before us, and upon which the great mass of voters will finally divide. Awaiting as we must the shaping and progress of a Presidential canvass into which an unusual number of uncertain elements will enter—contingencies beyond the control of either party or any candidate—it is well to take a quiet glance at the relations of the Presidency as an office to the theories and practices of Mr. Wilson as a political philosopher.

THE ST. LOUIS PLATFORM.

Despite its great length, the Democratic platform makes, on the whole, interesting reading. Many of its assertions of achievement are extravagant, but there is a goodly list of things accomplished during the present Administration to which the party can point with just gratification; and to this pleasant task much of the document is devoted. In the instance of the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank system, the substantial merit of the thing accomplished is so great that the platform plaudit but echoes the general judgment of the nation; a fact eloquently attested by the silence of the Republican platform on the subject.

But it is on the party's programme for the future that interest has centred, and some forecasts of the platform indicated that in this respect it would contain features that would arouse the keenest interest. Such expectations are completely disappointed. The tariff plank does not contain the anti-dumping clause which the Republican platform struck at in advance, though anti-dumping legislation is more or less hinted at as a possibility; and though it must be confessed that the general declaration on

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the tariff is a little mealy-mouthed, it cannot be pointed to as an admission of protectionist principles. On the other subject upon which it was thought that the platform might contain a declaration of striking character—the question of the country's participation in a League to Enforce Peace—the language is likewise guarded. The declaration on this subject is one of those that can be magnified into importance, or belittled into insignificance, as the tactics of the campaign may seem to require.

The most clear-cut campaign challenge in the platform is to be found in the statement concerning Mexico. Intervention, it declares, implies "military subjugation," is "revolting to the people of the United States," and "should be resorted to, if at all, only as a last resort"; and "the stubborn resistance of the President and his advisers to every demand and suggestion to enter upon it is creditable alike to them and to the people in whose name he speaks." This aggressive endorsement of the whole course of the President's policy towards Mexico derives special point from the prominence which Mr. Hughes, in his dispatch of acceptance to the Chicago Convention, gave to his condemnation of that policy. Here, then, is what promises to be a sharp issue, accepted on both sides as marking a real distinction between the opposing candidates. The anti-hyphen plank uses equally strong language; but it remains to be seen whether that issue will be more than a flash in the pan. Mr. Hughes can put it out of court in a very few words, and those who know him best seem to be most confident that he will say those words with ample definiteness at an early day. We hasten to add that the words we have in mind are not a reassertion of Americanism, however strident, but a clear rejection of any support for his candidacy based on the notion that his attitude on the subject of German submarine outrages is less positive than Mr. Wilson's.

The platform contains pledges, more or less definite, for the enactment of a multitude of measures directed to specific ends. Among these, the endorsement of "the purposes and policy of the pending Shipping bill" stands out conspicuous. The reasons assigned for the necessity of this legislation are something of a curiosity. The picture of the way in which our foreign commerce has been hampered in the past is amusing; for we are told not only that "until the recent banking legislation it had at its disposal few of the necessary instrumentalities of international credit and exchange," but also that "until the formulation of the pending act to promote the construction of a merchant marine, it lacked even the prospect of adequate carriage by sea"! This does not refer, either expressly or by implication, to the emergency situation of the present war; it is a characterization of the alleged difficulty which our foreign commerce has been experiencing all along in obtaining the means of transportation. There are many reasons which may justly be urged for the desirability of a merchant marine under the American flag, but to find one in the impossibility of getting our exports and imports carried for love or money requires a pretty lively fancy. This queer argument, it must be said, is out of keeping with the general character of the platform, which is of a quality, in substance and form, far above that usually encountered in these documents. For its merit the credit is doubtless chiefly due to Mr. Wilson; and by the same token we are constrained to ascribe this fantastic plea for the Shipping bill to the President's infatuation with that pet project.

A declaration which deserves special commendation, and to which the party should be held in the event of success, is that which favors "a return by the House of Representatives to its former practice of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills through a single committee chosen from its membership, . . . as a practicable first step towards a budget system." The gradual breaking down of the system by which the House Committee on Appropriations in former years held the purse-strings, and could, if it chose, put its veto on extravagant demands in any direction, has made concentration of responsibility impossible. The plank which calls for this reform would be more impressive if by its opening words—"we demand careful economy in all expenditures"—the country were reminded of economy actually practiced by the last two Congresses, instead of a record of loose and extravagant expenditure which has been one of the most disappointing features of the Democratic party's tenure of power. The Republican platform calls outright for the establishment of a "simple, business-like budget system" and arraigns the Democrats for not having brought to fruition the earnest efforts of President Taft to promote the establishment of such a system. With both parties thus pledged, not to economy in the abstract—we all know how little that means—but to definite reform in our methods of appropriating public money, there ought to be some substantial hope of a real check upon extravagance and waste in the conduct of the nation's affairs.

"SWEPT FROM THE SEAS."

Two years of ever thickening gloom about the sad estate of our navy are broken by the advent of the super-Dreadnought Pennsylvania. It must be a very confirmed pessimist who would refuse a smile of satisfaction to as powerful a fighting machine as any fleet can show. What Great Britain and Germany have been doing in their shipyards since the war began we have no way of knowing, but the probabilities are that the Pennsylvania, when subjected to the composite test of displacement, armor protection, armament, and speed, has no superior to-day, and perhaps only one or two equals. Nor could the new ship have made her début under more auspicious circumstances. The recent battle of the North Sea might almost have been staged for the Pennsylvania justification. We need only imagine what the feeling in this country would have been if instead of the greatest of Dreadnoughts we had placed in commission the greatest of battle-cruisers, within two weeks after the world's faith in the battle-cruisers was so rudely shaken off Jutland. Just to what extent the battle-cruiser has been discredited we must await fuller information, but there is little doubt that the Dreadnought has stood the test. Six more ships of the Pennsylvania class are now under construction or authorized, of which one is four-fifths completed, one is half completed, and two others are well under way.

In spite of the Pennsylvania and her sister ships, it is not to be supposed that the naval gloom of the last two years will disappear. Pessimism had its origin primarily in the exigencies of partisan politics, and for the next five months we may be sure that the weakness of our navy as part of our general condition of defencelessness will be strongly emphasized. Not only Preparedness, but Invasion, will play a part in campaign oratory; and the argument will proceed along familiar lines: the inferiority of our fleet; its speedy destruction as the first act in the drama of war; the exposure of our coasts to an invading army; the need, therefore, of a great army of our own for the defence of the country. The basic assumption of the argument may be more often implied than expressed, but it is always there. In the first weeks of war our fleet will be swept

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from the seas and the enemy will be at liberty to pour in his invading hordes at leisure. It is upon this fundamental of our problem of national defence that the battle of Jutland throws a good deal of light. Our information is as yet insufficient for pronouncing a definite verdict on details and technicalities like the function of the battle-cruiser, or even on the precise value of the Dreadnought. But we know enough to modify the prevalent notion that when two fleets meet in pitched battle, the result must be total destruction for the inferior fleet and complete triumph without appreciable damage for the superior fleet.

This belief had an apparent basis of fact in the history of modern naval warfare. Japan's victory over the Chinese fleet in the battle of the Yalu in 1894, Togo's victory at Tsu-Shima over the Russians eleven years later, the German victory off the coast of Chili, the British victories off the Falkland Islands and Heligoland, were all one-sided. But as a test of modern naval warfare they do not compare, of course, with the battle of a few weeks ago; and the one definite lesson of that battle is that in a stand-up fight between anything like two equal fleets there is no such thing as total destruction for one side and virtual immunity on the other, but that both sides will suffer heavily. This is true whether we accept the German statement that 16 German Dreadnoughts fought against 25 of Jellicoe's Dreadnoughts, or whether we assume that the British were the weaker. In either case an inferior fleet managed to give a good account of itself.

The application to our own problem of national defence is patent. From the earlier theory of naval victory and defeat, it has been argued that if 15 American Dreadnoughts were attacked by 18 German Dreadnoughts, it would end in the destruction of the American fleet and the control of the Atlantic by a German fleet virtually intact; that is always the premise. In the light of the battle of Jutland the first assumption cannot be absolutely maintained, and the second assumption has not even a fair show of probability. It is by no means certain that the difference between 15 and 18 Dreadnoughts is the difference between defeat and victory. It is altogether improbable that in a thorough test the 15 Dreadnoughts will all go down, leaving the 18 Dreadnoughts to ride the waves proudly. All the probabilities from the battle of Jutland are that if our 15 Dreadnoughts go down, they will carry with them a sufficient number of German battleships to leave the Kaiser's fleet a shell. And it is by this fragment of a fleet, if even a victorious fleet, that the mastery of the Atlantic will be held, it is under the cover of half a dozen battleships that transports will make their choice of a dozen landing ports on our coasts!

But once the theory of our fleet absolutely swept from the seas is shaken, what becomes of the whole problem of invasion? The fact is that underlying the peril of "invasion" is always the assumption that our fleet is not only sadly inferior in strength, but that in the matter of efficiency it bears the same relation to a potential enemy that the Chinese fleet had to Ito's ships in 1894, or Rozhestvensky's floating mob had to Togo's fleet in 1905. And this must be admitted: that if our armament and our navigation and our gunnery are what the scare-mongers have tried to make them out, then Rozhestvensky's fate would be ours. But a people pretty well aware of the wild exaggerations emanating from the security leagues will hardly accept this sweeping of the American fleet from the seas as a basis on which all our schemes of defence must be built.

RAILWAY WAGES AND THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

The question of rates of wages for railway employees has, during the past year or more, been before the country in a broader way than at any previous period in our history. The conferences of the past few weeks between representatives of the companies and representatives of the unions are but the latest manifestation of what, in one form or another, has for some time been engaging earnest attention. Conflicts far more intense, resulting sometimes in profound disturbance and widespread lawlessness, have been lived through in times past; what characterizes the present situation is the evident desire on both sides for some large, comprehensive, and in a certain sense permanent, method of settling the question of wages.

From some highly authoritative sources in the railway world has come the suggestion that, inasmuch as the rates which the railways are permitted to charge for transportation are now fixed by governmental commissions, the duty of fixing the rates of wages which the railways shall pay their employees should devolve upon the same commissions, and especially the Interstate Commerce Commission. The ability of the railways to make ends meet, with a given scale of transportational rates, depends in a vital way upon the scale of wages; and, say the advocates of the proposal, it is hard lines to compel them to keep their rates down to a certain level when they have no guarantee that they will be able to keep wages down to the corresponding level. The argument is plausible, and it may seem to be strengthened by the experience which the railways usually go through in connection with both phases of the matter. It is uphill business for them, as a rule, either to obtain a grant of advanced transportational rates or to resist a demand for advanced rates of wages.

Nevertheless, the proposal that the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission be extended so as to include the fixing or regulation of wages should be rejected; and chiefly because of one objection that is fundamental. The presumption against its advisability, on the ground of the tremendous pressure to which the Commission would be subjected in the exercise of this power, is itself very weighty; but it is not this objection that we have in mind. The great reason against it is that it would wholly alter the basic character of the Commission's functions. The new function would not, as might appear at first sight, be a mere addition to those it already exercises; it would transform the present rate-making power of the Commission into one of an essentially different nature. What the Commission now does is to take a great mass of data which it finds existent, and upon the basis of these to determine what, all things considered, should be regarded as fair rates of transportation. This is, to be sure, an extremely complex question, and one that gives a great deal of play for discretionary judgment; but after all it is in the nature of a mere adjustment of one element to the requirements of a given situation. The Commission does not undertake to say what the underlying factors of the situation *ought* to be; it takes them as they *are*. Among these factors the prevailing rate of wages is one, probably the most important one; but there are others, such as the prevailing price of materials, the prevailing rate of interest, the charge the traffic can bear, etc., which enter in the same way and in something like the same degree. So long as the Commission starts with these things as its data, its function in rate-fixing is essentially a matter of accountancy; though, to be sure, it is accountancy of a somewhat transcendental character. If it undertook not simply to fix the rates to accord with the factors given, but to determine by its decrees what those factors should be, it would assume an

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entirely different attitude and would exercise powers of a wholly different kind.

The difference, to begin with, would lie in the Commission being called on to determine questions of equity far deeper-seated than any that it now undertakes to pass upon; questions, too, to which no basic principles of general acceptance apply, or are likely to apply in any future we need now consider. And secondly, if the Commission were to waive this challenge, and endeavor to settle each question as it arose by a sort of rule-of-thumb process—or, let us say, by the same kind of practical adjustment of difficulties which obtains in its present functions—it would find itself constantly confronted with a perplexity from which it is now free. So long as it starts from a supposed scale of wages (and other factors of cost) its determination of rates is marked out within fairly narrow bounds; if it were to fix wages as well as rates, the whole question would be thrown wide open. The difference between this and what the Commission is now doing is almost as great as that between the powers of a judge and the powers of a dictator.

SPONTANEOUS AND AL FRESCO.

We have very much with us to-day the adjective "community." Just as half a dozen years ago things related themselves to Conservation, and two years later to Eugenics, and a year later to Efficiency, activities and aspirations nowadays are likely to be Community affairs. The new word is fast driving social service out of business. Being as yet a new word, it is free from the affectation which the latter phrase has taken on, and to the extent that a community is smaller than human society, it does not evoke the irritation which social service arouses in the mind of a good many sober citizens. As yet, that is. Unquestionably, as the community conscience replaces the social conscience, and community health the social health, and community centres the social centres, an increasing number of people will show signs of fatigue and resentment. That, however, is the fate of all catchwords. In favor of the new word there is the fact that it is comparatively free from the patronizing idea of "uplift." Community does express a sense of coöperation which social service does not. It connotes people getting together to do things for themselves instead of having things done for them. The difference between a social centre and a community centre, in atmosphere at least, is the difference between an endowed bureau for distributing salvation to the plain people, and the plain people organizing for their own salvation. "Community" emphasizes spontaneity as against management. How long the new term will keep its fresh and pleasant savor is another matter.

Words, however, often have a derivative meaning which in popular usage may displace the original. So "Community" is fast becoming a synonym for open-air. The community drama, for example, is only the open-air drama. Community singing is singing in the parks. Community games are games played in the public squares. If spontaneity and self-direction were the only factors in a community movement, then the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, organized by clerks and factory workers, or the Washington Square Players, organized by amateurs, would be called community theatres; which they are not. The name is reserved for the out-of-door pageant and spectacle through which the thing that was formerly described as the civic spirit, and is now called the community spirit, manifests itself. It is impossible to make hard and fast distinctions; but in a general way it is true that if the inhabitants of a garden suburb hire a hall and demand a new post office, it is civic spirit; and if they meet in the village square, or, better still, on the village green, and discuss the extermination of mosquitoes, it is community spirit. It is a problem for the philologist. One reason why community and out-of-doors have become so closely allied is apparent. Out-of-doors is the only place large enough for an entire community to meet in. Walls do make something of a prison for the fraternal spirit. That is why a thousand singers in the "Messiah" on a stage are only a choral society, whereas half a thousand singers in the park are a community.

The community spirit is thus the joint product of two such apparently unrelated things as a growing social conscience and a growing love for the open; and the latter in turn may be due to the growth of foreign habits induced by an increasing foreign population. We are in the habit of thinking of ourselves as essentially an out-of-doors people as compared with the unathletic nations of Europe. This we are in the matter of sports, games, and vacations in the woods, fields, and hills. But if the people in Europe play much less in the open air than we do, they live more in the open air—eat, drink, talk, and sing. For years people brought back from across the Atlantic tales of the pleasant German habit of going out with one's family to dine under the trees in the Grünewald. Yet luncheon in the Bois de Boulogne, tea on the lawns in Kew Gardens, and the sidewalk cafés of Paris and Unter den Linden, were all well enough for a holiday trip among the foreigners. The habit was un-American. Taking breakfast on the veranda involved a shocking violation of privacy. This was strange enough for a people accustomed to the broad fraternity of the Pullman sleeper; perhaps it was because of that fact. After long hours at play in the open air and exposed to the public eye, the desire to be alone and inside of four walls had to be satisfied. Or perhaps it was a survival of the Puritan spirit to which eating and drinking were gross occupations to be indulged in not without compunction. If so, then the Puritan spirit is indeed in a fair way to disappear. The alien stream brought with it, for the large cities, a liking for open-air dining. The automobile has reinforced the practice by taking people out into the country, where trees and grass are hard to avoid. What was only a Bohemian indulgence in the days when F. Hopkinson Smith and H. C. Bunner discovered and immortalized al-fresco restaurants has now become a bourgeois habit. Dancing has played its part in the general relaxation of manners. A nation that dances everywhere—on hotel porches, on hotel lawns, on the bathing beaches—will go further, and learn to eat almost anywhere without feeling shame.

The foreign infection has spread. Travellers have returned from abroad with a liking for the Balkan peasants, who, in intervals of work, spontaneously get to their feet and form a circle and dance. The laborers in Italy go and come from work singing in chorus; whereas the American farmer does not sing at his work, and the American picnic is a fearfully standardized pleasure. The American farmer is still unvocal at the plough, but in our cities the impulse is strong towards a return to the picturesque and spontaneous joys which Merrie England knew three hundred years ago, and which the Continent has kept to the present day. And this longing has fallen in with the reaction from our big, ugly, barrack civilization to the neighborliness of simpler days. It is all very well to speak of democracy. That calls up twenty million voters and Congress and campaigns and a vast, crushing machinery. Even civic spirit means a million people and organized movements for sewage improvement. But the community brings visions of thatched cottages and dancing on the village green.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE PORT OF MARSEILLES—LESSONS OF WAR AND PEACE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 1.

A few days in the sun of Marseilles, while Paris was still enveloped in chilling rains, comforted the body and reposed the soul.

The first day I looked curiously at the little paper-money notes given me for change. In Paris we know them only by hearsay. Some are equivalent to twenty, some to ten, cents, like the "shin-plasters" of our Civil War. They are issued by the local Chamber of Commerce, to take the place of the scarce silver coins of French currency. The little flat, revolving pocketbooks, with interior strings crossing in an X on one side, and parallel on the other—such as were used by us in 1862 for commodious extraction of just such undersized paper money—are everywhere on sale. It is a human example of Lamarck's principle of evolution, before and against Darwin: The need creates the function, and the function creates the organ.

To the bookshop cashier, seated ladylike at her desk, I remark that in Paris silver and copper coins are plentiful.

"We are the South," she answers with dignity. This I take to mean that the Bank of France, in its distribution of the country's coinage, relies on the capacity of these Southerners to look out for themselves, being "disembroilers"—*méridionaux débrouillards*. Before I left, the waiter at the café lined up proudly for my change four new silver franc pieces. He pointed out that one was of this year's coinage—1916.

"The bank gave us 200 francs in silver to-day," he informed me as a news item. He was surprised to hear that these scraps of paper, which are a money treaty between the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of Marseilles, have more value, from the point of view of a collector gathering up inconsidered trifles. They show the spontaneous organization of a prosperous community in sudden need.

The Chamber of Commerce is made up of the community's business heads, and it is bound to look out for the business interests of the community. It subsidizes the port's improvements on an even footing with city and department and state. It has its own part of docks and dues—and it issues loans. So when there came a scarcity of the "token" money necessary to easy circulation, the Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles, like those of other cities in similar need, issued money of its own. So did the feudal lords of the Middle Ages. The operation is more trustworthy now, for these Chambers of Commerce are responsible bodies, holding an official place in the organization of the French nation. They have recognition and support for their money issues from the Bank of France—that pyramid of the nation's stability, the only body in France which, like our Supreme Court, is measurably independent of Government and Parliament. These Chambers of Commerce also have their own initiative, and represent the independent interests of their regions.

The self-satisfaction of Americans in their republic has always been based on its Federalism and its division of powers. Here are the elements of both in the French republic, whose strong centralization has been an anxious care to its friends. The one thing which this war has shown is the advantage of a wide Federalism among nations. Perhaps the time is coming when this essential American principle will work itself out in each particular nation. From another side, Syndicalism has worked for this. Anarchy itself demanded a reversion to the Russian *mir*, the American town-meeting triumphant over Legislatures and Governors, over Congress and Presidents.

All this may seem a far leap of the mind from a temporary shinplaster to the evolution of Humanity coming to consciousness of itself in small communities. Well, the prosperity of France has issued from such minor organizations of the people among themselves. And American trade in Marseilles may yet depend on our commerce learning to organize itself, without depending on Congress.

The streets of Marseilles seemed to me more parti-colored than ever. Every actor of the human comedy, even to the tourist, walked the stage. And those of the present tragedy of the universe were not wanting. From the café terrace I counted in a few minutes twenty-two different military uniforms, French and foreign. Underneath a swelling turban a Hindu's beady eye looked joyful recognition into my own, as if we had known each other in some pre-incarnation. I have learned since that these Indian troops were leaving France, where they have done good work—and where many have died. The last Russians were going the other way to take their place. There were Australians and South Africans, in broad-rimmed felt hats, caught up at one side, and with cartridge belts across their shoulders, smarter, it seemed to me, than our Rough Riders, and less drawling in their speech—but unmistakably more like Americans than like English.

There were very black Senegalese, looking all shaven cranium and shining teeth—good "troops of shock," "troops of attack," my friends assured me. One who has been with them at the front told me it was very hard to make them understand the care with which the French treat their German prisoners. Of course, this has not got to the point of allowing the prisoners to come to the city café; but I saw them at work along the docks, under their own sub-officers, who do not work, and afterwards at their lunch, which looked good, and which they ate with every sign of appetite, and at their quarter-hour's siesta when eating was finished. I can bear witness that they were fat and healthy-looking. Along the Cannebière, past the bright cafés, it is free men walking, free in the army and free before the war, even the happy-go-lucky Senegalese. Among other things, the rector of the American church in Paris on Decoration Day gave thanks that the American soldiers who have fallen in this war fighting for the Allies "died for Freedom."

The crowd of civilians when the sun shines in Marseilles—as it seems to shine all days—is quite as variegated as the military. A young woman, with complexion of ivory, framed by hair of jet, with only a blood-red flower for millinery, wears a light yellow dress, with a black working-apron half-covering it from shoulders to feet. A stout matron, past the age of coquetry, has a square of cloth, amaranthine purple with geometrical white figures, thrown over her shoulders like a shawl. The cafés along the Cannebière, famous the world over, are decorated in unison. In the glare of the electric lights you see a lofty hall, all white and gold, and mirror wall-surface, and ceiling lines picked out with red poppies.

Nature is of the party, or started it. As you come down along the Rhone, from your railway window you see rocks of dazzling amethyst in the sunlight, with pale olive leaves and sudden contrasts of darkest green cypresses in long lines as a screen against the mistral winds. Talk of color values in art—what community of color can there be between this riot of sun and northern mists? Yet men of Marseilles made the great Revolution in Paris, and now they are fighting with all the rest of France against the invader who attacks the community of all. Yes, France is an entity, a human thing—*la douce France*—and she shall not be murdered if her children can help it. What a misunderstanding of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen was that of Germany—and of some neutrals—before the war!

I had come to Marseilles on a particular mission, to see the completion of the giant Tunnel of the Rove. It is a great step forward towards the Rhone Canal, that is to open waterways from Marseilles into the interior of France and Central Europe. Going about the port, which has already been enlarged immensely since I have known Marseilles, I naturally looked at the slips where shipping from the United States is entered. Much is for the war, but there are implements of agriculture for man's essential work, which must go on in peace and war alike. To this port those who sail the sea have been carrying to and fro the products of those who work the land for more than twenty-five hundred years—in war as in peace. Shall not Americans help to find some means of security that the good people may have peace, unmolested by those who covet the fruits of their work?

> For what avail the plough or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

THE JAVANESE UNDER DUTCH RULE—A NOTABLE CONTRAST.

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, May 14.

If leadership and anarchism are reconcilable notions, Mr. Domela Nieuwenhuis is a leader of Dutch anarchists. There was a time when, thanks to his eloquence and fanatic enthusiasm, he possessed a firm hold on the working classes, but with the growing organization of the Social Democratic party, and the development of trade unions, it slipped out of his hands. The Dutch workman's practical mind realized that Parliamentary representation promised him a better chance of procuring the means to improve his lot than the Quixotic vagaries of the anarchist prophet. Of late years his voice was seldom heard, the public had almost forgotten that he was still among the living. It was like a resuscitation from the dead when, at Easter last, he addressed a meeting at Amsterdam. He appeared on the platform with protestant clergymen as his co-militants, a kind of allies he would probably have scorned in the heyday of his success. The cause which united these preachers of such heterogeneous doctrines was disarmament. The meeting passed a resolution demanding from the Netherlands Government the immediate demobilization of the army and

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navy, and called on the working classes to add pressure to this demand by means of a general strike.

In itself this demonstration of a small group of muddle-headed idealists would not deserve special notice except as a symptom of human folly and irresponsibility. But I put the event on record because of a remarkable protest which it called forth from quite an unexpected quarter. A Javanese addressed an open letter to these preachers of demobilization to remind them of what would happen if the Dutch soldiers, at their bidding, were actually to lay down arms: On the same day a German force would march into Holland, and Japan, seeing the Dutch motherland in German hands, would grasp the opportunity of making a bid for the long-coveted islands and harbors of the Malay Archipelago. But the Dutch colonial army would certainly not shirk service. The conflict would be fought out in Java, and the Javanese would fulfil his duty to the motherland more faithfully than Mr. Domela Nieuwenhuis and his Christian brethren exhort the Dutch workman to do. For the Javanese has an interest in the continuance of Dutch rule in Java. "The Japanese whom we see at work in our island is despised and hated among us. In Dutch schoolbooks it is commonly said that we hate the Chinese. But that is not so. We respect their temperance, their industry, their intelligence. But we hate the arrogant and narrow-minded Japanese. And that is why we shall fight together with your army if it comes to the worst."

Strange and incredible debate! On one side free citizens of a free state, wishing to make their own country utterly powerless and an easy prey of German expansion, on the other a native of a subject race teaching these weakness-mongers their patriotic duty, and ready to fight for the country which has subdued his people. His letter bears testimony to the justice and efficacy of Dutch rule in Java. During the last two decades much has been done for the improvement of education among the natives. The old practice of trusting to ignorance as the best means of keeping a subjugated people out of mischief has had to yield to the wiser policy of teaching them to see for themselves what are the advantages of European order and organization. Missionaries and Colonial officers coöperate in awakening in them a sense of responsibility for the welfare of their own country, which to no small degree depends on their industry and their willingness to support the Government in bettering their lot. This policy has, undoubtedly, its dangers. The native reclaimed from a state of primeval ignorance becomes, in the hands of astute agitators, a pliable instrument on which to play their seditious music. Supporters of the old régime have warned against this consequence of the new course, and thought their opposition justified by certain events which occurred in Java shortly before the outbreak of the war. A Dutchman, Mr. Douwes Dekker, and a couple of Javanese intellectuals were banished from the Malay Archipelago for conducting an anti-Government agitation among the natives. Whether Mr. Douwes Dekker was actuated by purely ideal motives, by a genuine love of the Javanese and the unselfish wish of seeing Java restored to the aborigines, or by a base desire for self-advertisement, and to pay off old scores against the Government, is not for me to decide. But there is no doubt as to the honesty of his fellow-sufferers, misguided enthusiasts for the future of their island and their race. And the Dutch Government, satisfied with having shown its firm determination not to suffer any agitation of this nature, wisely relented and allowed them to return to their native country.

Mr. Douwes Dekker was less fortunate: He put his apostolic zeal for the Asiatic's salvation at the disposal of the German agitation among the British-Indian natives, became an agent for the distribution of seditious pamphlets in the Straits Settlements, and fell into the hands of the police at Singapore, where he is still awaiting his sentence. His connection with the underground intrigues of the German moles will do him little credit with his countrymen, the less so as, a short while ago, telegrams from Batavia brought news of the arrest of a German individual, a certain Keil, who is charged with having conducted a dangerous agitation among the Javanese, with the purpose of stirring them to open revolt against the Dutch. The news was received with more surprise than alarm, surprise at the tardy discovery of these machinations, which appear to have been started even before the outbreak of the war. For alarm there was but little cause. Thanks to his better enlightenment the Javanese is able to see that the expulsion of the Dutch would only bring him an exchange of masters, and no change for the better. The letter of the Javanese from which I quoted above corroborates this view. Thus the recent course of events brings a welcome support to the advocates of intensive education for the natives.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 27.

The most graceful ceremonial in daily procedure of the House of Commons was the withdrawal of the late chaplain, after conducting prayers. With light grasp of left hand, drawing the skirt of his robe around him, he walked backward, making the thrice obeisance to the Chair which Parliamentary etiquette demands. The part was played before a limited circle of spectators. Except on great occasions, the congregation at prayer time, attendance at which secures choice of a sitting, is small. Of "strangers," the ladies in the gallery, sole section of the public permitted to join members in devotion, had full view of the graceful episode. The first line of reporters storming the hitherto bolted doors of the press gallery, that barred them from participation in a service which might in some cases have had desirable effect, were also in time to share the pleasure. For the rest it was a lost opportunity.

This ceremonial of retiring face forward to the Chair, apparently so easy to an expert like Archdeacon Wilberforce, has from time immemorial been a sore trial to a succession of Black Rods. In their case the situation was aggravated by the attitude assumed by the onlookers from either side of a usually crowded House. The business of Black Rod on these occasions is to bid the Commons repair to the House of Lords to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. In former times it happened that, the peers meeting for dispatch of business at 4:30 in the afternoon, the Commons assembling half an hour earlier, the emissary of the Lords was apt to appear on the scene at an inconvenient moment. His business brooks no delay. When he raps at the portals of the House of Commons, hurriedly closed at his approach, the doorkeeper, having cautiously surveyed him through a sliding panel specially provided for such emergency, is bound under dire pains and penalties straightway to open the door, hurry into the House, and, pulling up at the chair of the sergeant-at-arms, in stentorian voice proclaim, "Black Rod!" It does not matter what business is forward or what more or less eminent personage may be on his legs. Like time and tide, Black Rod waits for no man.

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone, at the time Prime Minister, was addressing the House when the messenger from the Lords was announced. With an unfinished sentence on his lips, the Premier dropped back into his seat, and Black Rod, omnipotent, advanced to the table. This incident created much resentment in the Commons. When, a few years later, Mr. Balfour being at the time Premier, it was repeated, the intrusion was regarded as intolerable. Representations were made to the leader of the other House, with the result that repetition of the misdemeanor was avoided.

No one was so grateful for this variation of custom as innocent and helpless Black Rod. To a retired general or admiral, the undertaking of summoning the Commons was, apart from this contingency, disconcerting. Suddenly to find himself in unaccustomed quarters, the cynosure of five hundred pairs of eyes, advancing amid sudden silence to a distant table, with the prospect of retiring with backward step, was worse than leading a forlorn hope on land or sea. Early in his term of office the late Gen. Biddulph, in discharge of the duty, found himself temporarily paralyzed. Safely reaching the table, he halted and began to recite the formula of invitation. "I desire," he began, "to acquaint this honorable House——" Here he came to a full stop. In vain ministers on the Treasury bench audibly prompted him. He stumbled over a few more words, and stopped again. The presence of mind and habitual courtesy of Mr. Gully, seated in the Speaker's chair, helped him out of his dilemma. When next he came with a message from the Lords, it was observed he had provided himself with a card on which the message was written. With this cunningly inserted in a fold of his cocked hat, he felt comparatively at ease.

Of his several preferments, Archdeacon Wilberforce chiefly valued the chaplaincy of the House of Commons. It brought him into intimate personal relationships with the men who govern the Empire, and furnished him with opportunity of being present at periods of crisis, when they were either making or marring it. Technically, he was "a stranger," and, his appointed business at prayer time accomplished, no seat was provided for his attendance on debate. In unrecorded fashion, there sprang up a custom by which the chaplain was permitted to repair to one of the side galleries and find a corner seat at the end, immediately facing the Treasury bench. Here through a long succession of years the Archdeacon might have been observed at question time, and later, if anything interesting was to the fore, an attentive listener. Without taint of partisanship, he took a keen interest in politics. His father, the famous Bishop of Oxford, left him the

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legacy of a wide circle of friends, notably including Mr. Gladstone. To these was added a choice selection of members from both sides of the House of Commons, who during the lifetime of Mrs. Wilberforce were to be met at luncheon in the ancient vault in their residence in Dean's Yard, cleverly transformed into a refectory. The Archdeacon never recovered from the shock of his wife's death, and has for the last two or three years been subjected to exhausting attacks of illness. These compelled his frequent absence from a scene whence, and from a world made purer by his presence, he has made his last exit.

The Man Behind the Goose-Step

By GILBERT HIRSCH.

I was walking through the Brandenburger Thor at dusk. The excessively sharp outlines of the Berlin scene, so marked in the daytime, had given way to vague masses of blacks and purples. The Reichstag was only a dim silhouette, its roof hardly to be distinguished from the deep blue of the sky. The peculiarly Prussian character of the city had disappeared.

In front of me walked an officer, his violet-gray cloak swinging with his stride. As he passed the stacked guns of the "Wache"—for the Brandenburger Thor is still, in theory, the gate of the city—he raised his hand to his cap. The solitary soldier behind the iron rail, who had been slouching picturesquely, stiffened, clicked his heels together, put his hand to his gun, his gun in front of him, then to his breast, again in front of him, back to his shoulder, down to the pavement with a thump.

For the moment he had ceased to be a man, and had become an automaton. His eyes were staring straight ahead, and his features were absolutely wooden. But the instant after the officer had passed, the soldier's muscles relaxed, and he turned and glared at me. He seemed to be aware that I had taken him for an automaton. His resentment was not mechanical, but entirely human.

I have had much the same experience with all Germany. There is something so perfect and so conscious in Germany's present organization and self-discipline that there are times when you wonder whether it is a country or a machine. It seems, somehow, not human. To an American it often seems inhuman. The Germans point to it with pride as something almost superhuman.

Just as you are about to poke your finger at it to see if it is alive, it turns and looks at you with complete understanding, and not a little resentment. The Germans have a sense of humor—Meredith to the contrary notwithstanding. It may for a time be put into abeyance by the instinct of self-preservation. But it is never quite extinguished. To-day *Simplicissimus* is not devoted, as formerly, to satires on the wooden perfection of the goose-step, the foppishness of the young lieutenant, and the exceeding paternalism of the Kaiser. But no one who has seen the German cartoons of France, England, and Russia—of Poincaré, Grey, and the Czar—can deny the vigor of contemporary German humor.

If Germany's lampoons on its enemies often seem too violent, too bitter and brutal, it should be remembered that Germany's lampoons on itself have always had the same qualities. German self-criticism has in times past amounted to a disease, whose symptoms, in personal life, have been a morbid philosophical pessimism and a heightened rate of suicide; and, in national life, a tendency to schism persisting in an age when other nations had attained unity. Goethe's reflections on his country were surpassed in bitterness by Heine's, which, in turn, sound like praise when you compare them with the diatribes of Nietzsche. North Germany has been resented by South Germany, Prussia disapproved of by Hanover, Bavaria by Baden, and the German Empire by the Social Democrats, who not so many years ago threatened a revolution which should overthrow it. And Bismarck tried to get the Kaiser's consent to a counter-revolution, which should overturn the Reichstag, and bury the Social Democrats under it.

It was a Frenchman, I think, who said that when the Germans learned their own strength they would be like the gods. He said it at a time when the Germans were seeing only their own weaknesses, and were wasting their energies in inner strife and in imitating the "Kultur" of other nations. A hundred years ago every educated German wished to be taken for a Frenchman. More recently the ideal was to be English. Not a little of Germany's present bitterness towards England is a half-conscious effort to root out of its soul a lingering admiration for the land of "sport," of "the club," of "the gentleman"—words which the Germans have incorporated into their everyday speech.

Prussia found the remedy for this lack of national self-esteem. To some the remedy may seem worse than the disease. But not to the Germans. To them the one intolerable thing has been their haunting sense of national inferiority—that tyrannical inner compulsion to see themselves as others saw them, instead of looking confidently out upon the world through their own eyes. To-day they have learned to see themselves as Prussia sees them; and this makes them immune to the criticism of the rest of the world. That perfect sentryman at the Brandenburg Gate is willing to be ridiculous in the eyes of the foreigner if he can be efficient in the eyes of Prussia. For, under Prussia's guidance, he has already humbled two of the nations that once laughed at him—Austria and France. And he is convinced that the end is not yet.

The pact between Germany and Prussia, signed in 1871, has been renewed, and again sealed with blood. That is not merely because Prussia still has the "will to power," but because the rest of Germany still has the will to obedience. The war, when it first broke out, was just as popular in Stuttgart, which had nothing to do with the making of it, as in Berlin, where it was declared. And Württemberg voluntarily sent a larger number of troops, in proportion to its size, than Prussia did.

England has said that she will fight as long as it is necessary in order to "free Germany from Prussian domination." But the longer the war lasts the more completely Germany comes under the spell of the idea of fighting against "a world of enemies," and the less she is tempted to rebel against those forces within herself which are in control. It is true that the South German states have at least once during the war protested against the usurpation of power by Prussia. But such protests are like Faust's sporadic outbursts against Mephistopheles's ascendency over him. They express real irritation; but not a desire to get free.

Those who would free Germany from Prussia must, therefore, expect no gratitude from the Germans. To the sentimentalist who judges a country by its poetry, its music, its philosophy, and its ruins, the Germany of the eighteenth century appears more beautiful and more free than the Germany of to-day. And the Germans of the eighteenth century, being themselves sentimentalists, certainly would have agreed to this. They persuaded themselves that the ruins of the castles along the Rhine, which had been ruthlessly destroyed by the French invaders, were more beautiful than the castles themselves. Robbed of all their political freedom, they expressed, in philosophy, poetry, and music, their longing for freedom in the abstract, and then—being adepts at auto-suggestion—they persuaded themselves that to express a longing for freedom is in itself freedom of a very superior sort. The hero of Schiller's "Räuber" was a slave to the desire to appear free in the eyes of his followers. He murdered the woman he loved simply to win their approval. Yet the German audiences of those days, when they heard his cry of "Freiheit!" echoed in bass growls by his bandit followers, believed themselves to be witnessing the very ecstasy of freedom.

German audiences still applaud the "Räuber." But the applause is less for freedom than for Schiller, and less for Schiller than for Reinhardt. German professors still talk with conviction about "inner freedom." But they are no longer taken very seriously. The German renounced the illusion of freedom when he took up the struggle for power. Most nations are unwilling to admit to themselves, until after they have attained power, that the effort to attain it is the most abject form of slavery. But the German's slavery to his national ideal is voluntary. All the passion which he once expended on the dream life within him he now devotes to the dream of that national life for which he is striving. To-day the German makes his demand for freedom, not upon himself, but upon the future of his country. "When Germany has won this war," then—according to the Chancellor—the tyrannical Prussian electoral law will be modified. When Germany has won the world's last war, then, and not till then—so the German believes—all tyrannies, all slaveries, will be abolished.

That is the romanticism of the German to-day. He likes to call it realism. But, just as in the novels of Balzac money has a much greater and more lively reality than in the calculations of a financier, so in the imagination of the German nations and armies, diplomacy, battle, and conquest have much more vitality and color than in the reckonings of more cold-blooded and matter-of-fact peoples.

And this explains the sentryman at the Brandenburger Thor. I found him ridiculous because he was like an automaton. But he knows that no mere automaton could be so completely and marvellously automatic as he. Slavery to the need for coördination and cooperation is to the German of to-day not merely a habit, but a passion, an ideal. For he sees it as the road to national power. And beyond national power, far off in the dim future, he sees the mirage of that absolute freedom of which his poets sang.

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"Gaspard" and the "Goncourt Academy"

By M. CARRET.

"Gaspard" is the title of the book which has received the last Goncourt prize. Its subject is strictly connected with the war, and it is perhaps because there are already so many "war books" in English that this French book has passed almost unnoticed in this country.

In France it has gained great popularity and has even had the honor of being reviewed in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, an honor never before conferred by this guardian of tradition upon any Goncourt prize, not even upon "Marie-Claire," which created so great a sensation a few years ago. The war has changed many things in France, and has apparently done away with the literary, as well as with the political, differences. But if the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* used to keep silent on the subject of the Goncourt prize and of the "Goncourt Academy," the reason is that neither one nor the other is conservative enough to deserve the official recognition of such a periodical. This may seem strange, for the word "Academy" is synonymous in French with all that is conservative and traditional, orthodox and sound, respectable and immutable. The fact is that Edmond and Jules de Goncourt professed the deepest contempt for everything academic, and when the former provided in his will for the creation of an institution which was to perpetuate the ideals of both, he determined upon the name "Société littéraire des Goncourt," carefully avoiding the word "Academy." By a strange irony of fate, this title was never used except officially, and the society is universally known to-day as "Goncourt Academy."

The founder designated eight of the ten members whom the society was to comprise. But it was not until seven years after Edmond de Goncourt's death in 1896 that the difficulties of his will were finally settled and the society organized. In the interval, two of the most important designated members had died. This was the more unfortunate since it was partly in order to give to Théophile Gautier and Alphonse Daudet the recognition which the Académie Française had failed to give them, that Edmond de Goncourt first conceived the idea of his society.

Still, five of the present members are of those who were named in the will, and among them Octave Mirbeau and Paul Margueritte, whose works are familiar to any one interested at all in modern French literature. Among the new members, surprising as it may seem, is Madame Judith Gautier, daughter of Théophile Gautier, a well-known writer herself. The election of a woman to a literary body which is second to none except to *the* Academy, and whose members surpass in talent and fame many of the forty immortals, is a fact quite characteristic of the society, but one which nevertheless is a landmark in the annals of feminism.

All these circumstances naturally led the public to expect something out of the ordinary from the "Goncourt Academy," and every year a great deal of curiosity is excited by the announcement of the prize. The one hundred and more prizes awarded annually by the Académie Française arouse comparatively little interest, for they are given to books which are already well known, or to insignificant books the moral value and good intentions of which it is perfectly proper for such a body to encourage, but which are of small consequence from a literary point of view. The Goncourt prize, on the contrary, is usually a revelation, for according to the testator's wishes it must be awarded to the "most remarkable work of imagination, in prose—preferably a novel—published during the year *by a young writer*."

The meaning of the expression "most remarkable work of imagination" is subject to many interpretations, but the spirit of the founder still strongly influences and guides those upon whom devolves the duty of awarding the prize, and the ten books which have been chosen between 1903 and 1916 as meeting the requirements are the best possible exponent of this spirit. They are most diverse in subject and in style, and it is evident that in selecting them more importance was attached to certain qualities than to precepts, rules, and conditions. Whatever may be said against them by the conservative critics, they all show talent and originality of expression.

It would not be advisable for purists whose ears are offended by the slightest infraction of the grammatical laws, or by the use of a "neologism," to read indiscriminately any Goncourt prize. For while some of them, like "Monsieur des Lourdines," by Alphonse de Chateaubriand, and "Le Roman du Malade," by Louis de Robert, are almost classic in form and might be called "romans de jeunes filles," others, like "Les Civilisés," by Claude Farrère, or "En France," by Marius-Ary Leblond, are the most daring specimens of sheer realism.

As for "Gaspard," it is very human, very sincere, but for all its realism it is never unpleasant. It requires, however, a slang dictionary, for the hero, before the war, was a huckster who pushed his little cart in the essentially Parisian thoroughfare called "rue de la Gaîté," selling snails. His French is as far from the French of Racine or of Monsieur Bazin as the Latin of Cæsar's soldiers was from the Latin of Cicero. But Gaspard, like all the intelligent but uneducated people of a highly civilized race, possesses a sure instinct, the same instinct which through transformations and deformations wrought out of the language of Cæsar's soldiers the language of Monsieur Bazin.

Gaspard represents a class of which very little has been said in this war. He could not write an article relating his experiences at the front for the newspapers, nor letters to his friends for future publication, so that the only way to know his feelings is to live near him, as did the author, Monsieur René Benjamin, who is himself a soldier.

Gaspard is one of the unknown heroes whose nameless tombs mound the northern plains of France; he is one of the two hundred thousand prisoners starving in the German concentration camps; he is the blind man whom the little boys salute gravely as he passes on the street led by a charitable woman; he is the mutilated man who serenely crawls along on his crutches; he is the fighter of Verdun, he is the people, he is the strength of France.

This particular one is the humblest of all, but the most willing and the most cheerful. He is described as "tall enough to scoff at the smaller men and to measure himself against the rest." His eyes are "searching," his hair is "refractory," his nose is "twisted." He cannot help seeing the humorous side of everything, and he finds a joke to fit any situation. His first experience under fire does not take him unaware, nor does it change him from the "Gaspard" who used to sell snails in the "rue de la Gaîté." When his companion tries to put an end to his jokes, and urges him to reflect on the fact that they may both be dead in a quarter of an hour, he answers calmly: "That will make twenty minutes for me, my ticker's slow."

As long as he is not hit, he swears gayly at "these poor Boches who have done nothing else for forty years and don't know how to shoot better." But when he is hit, he does not complain; he is only disgusted because he has a "humiliating wound." The only thing that baffles him is the loss of his friends—and such friends!—for although Gaspard is ignorant (he confesses that the only thing he did well at school was to wipe off the blackboard), he is always attracted by the scholars, or, as he says, "those who talk well."

In the hospital, where he arrives after a mortal five days' journey on the hard boards of a cattle train, he becomes the spoilt child of all the nurses, whom he loves genuinely. But when he returns to the barracks, a convalescent, his idleness wears upon him, and he exasperates the non-commissioned officers who do not understand him and have no regard for his feelings. Finally, he asks to be sent back to the front for the sole reason that he will receive the usual forty-eight hours of liberty, and will be able first to go again to Paris and see his family and his dear "rue de la Gaîté." He also takes this opportunity to regularize the situation of his wife and the existence of his boy. Not that he thinks it will make any difference, but everybody is doing it, and he is told that it is the proper thing for him to do. Then he returns to the front. It is winter now, and he experiences another kind of suffering, but only for one night, for the next morning a shell bursts near him and shatters his right leg. For the second time he is sent to the hospital, and his leg has to be amputated. His two campaigns have lasted a few

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hours and he has not seen a single German.

This is a simple story, but the more vivid and real because the author does not overdo it. He studies Gaspard as an interesting type, and in doing so he assumes somewhat the attitude of the naturalist contemplating a specimen. He may have great sympathy for his hero, even affection for him, but he does not show it, and makes no effort to magnify his qualities or to conceal his weaknesses. Gaspard, like every man, is a mixture of good and bad instincts, but he has a very limited number of moral notions, so that he shows his bad instincts with the same candor as he shows the good ones. The other characters of the book are studied with the same fidelity, and the descriptions of the conditions at the front, in the hospitals, in the barracks, are also written with the sincerity of an impartial witness: everything is not perfect, every man is not a saint; petty jealousies, selfish considerations, cowardly acts, go side by side with generous thoughts and heroic deeds.

With the name of the Goncourts is associated the expression "écriture artiste," an expression which they themselves invented in speaking of their style, and which appropriately describes the elaborateness and finish of their language, as well as the perfection and skill with which they contrived to express the most fleeting thoughts, the most impalpable sensations. In this respect M. Benjamin, like the other laureates of the "Goncourt Academy," is the worthy successor of his illustrious predecessors. It would be interesting to study this book only for the style, and to note the delicate touches, the unexpected combinations of words, the flashes of wit which fill its pages and make of it one of the most entertaining books which have been published on this war.

In a few passages where the author comes forward and speaks for himself, he even strikes the chord of real eloquence. One of these must be quoted as a conclusion, for it combines penetration of thought with sincerity of sentiment and beauty of expression:

> What constitutes the rare beauty of a regiment which is starting off is, before all, the uniform, this visible discipline which first strikes the eyes. Under the military caps all alike, the thoughts also make themselves alike. . . . What are then affections, interests, fears, in this general forward movement, when the rhythmic motions of the body drive away all thought? Women and children like to see the soldiers pass, but the men like to be the soldiers who pass. . . . They no more think "I"; they have become "We," and their hearts swell as their energy bends.
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> Those who have not served under the colors ignore one of the strongest sensations that a man can have—that of being a small wheel, a very dependent one, in the big social machinery. It is a servitude which makes one proud, for it exalts in every one national valor. A man who marches in the ranks, armed, discovers his force and his mission. He no more acts for himself; he becomes a symbol; he wears on his uniform the colors of his country, and he feels deeply that it is a great thing, a regiment which is starting off.

Amy Lowell and Others

Six French Poets. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Idols. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

"——— *and Other Poets.*" By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Miss Lowell's "Six French Poets" is a book rare in its class for unaffected and undeviating straightforwardness. Certain things have befallen Miss Lowell in her converse with French poetry; she has set down those things in the first English that came to hand, "and there an end." The book, with a rare courage, restricts itself to uncourted, unsolicited perceptions: Miss Lowell admits only what has first knocked at her door. Amid these tacticians and technicians whose subtleties she emulates in her poetry, her criticism maintains the unaffectedness of a school-girl. To have kept an attitude so ingenuous in relation to material so sophisticated is in itself no despicable achievement.

Furthermore, this book is self-forgetful. In spite of occasional arrogancies and curtnesses which evince a native bent to dogmatize and dominate, the volume as a whole is a notable instance of eager and generous self-subordination. I know few works so equally and steadily respectful of the poet's right to an unhampered utterance and the reader's right to an untrammelled verdict. The method is sound: the scale of the citations is liberal, and—what merits especial praise—provision is made both for the capacity and for the incapacity of the reader by the insertion of the originals in the text and of expert translations in the appendix. The commentary is not profuse. Miss Lowell is so happy as mere conductress that she almost foregoes the part of cicerone. I had figured to myself a labored and complex elucidation of an intractable case; and Miss Lowell says to me simply: "Come and see" and "Help yourself." Perhaps the subtlest service that can be rendered to a subtle writer is to sketch him quite artlessly as a spring of pleasure.

This is a world of reckonings, however, and this frank and natural book has paid for its charm in its lack of authority. The treatment is casual; we have a mixture of inorganic biography, of minutes of publication, of ample extracts, of many ejaculated "Selas" and "Evoes," and, finally, criticism which is sometimes brightly, sometimes flatly, amateurish. Miss Lowell cannot defend or establish, she cannot analyze, she can only briefly and sparsely correlate. The inaptness for synthesis is revealed in her dependence on the biographical order in which publications alternate with domesticities: without this hand on the banister of chronology, her critique would falter. The reference to principles is sparing: our old acquaintance, the objective and subjective, reappear newly brevetted and freshly uniformed, as exteriority and interiority, two names which recall the specious glitter of nickel or of zinc. There is now and then a friendliness with the commonplace which startles one in a prophetess of innovation, and in one case, with an innocence which makes the arrogance forgivable, a grave critical problem receives its quietus from a little joke more rich in pedigree than quality.

It is less easy to excuse Miss Lowell when she glances contemptuously at "the long set of sentimental hypocrisies known in England as 'Victorian.'" The Victorian poets have one claim on our mercy, and another upon our respect: they are dead and they are undying, two facts that should safeguard them from the jeers of living poets whose immortality is still debatable. On the artistic standing of moral idealism, Miss Lowell is not qualified to vote, since, even if we admit that moral idealism is a fleeting phase in the cyclic permanence of art, it is not from the hither side, that of inexperience, but from the further side, that of emergence and transcendence, that its evanescence and inadequacy can be gauged. The race may leave Sinai in its rear, but it cannot leave it on one side. Miss Lowell's pilgrimage has not yet skirted that eminence.

To pass now to the French poets. Miss Lowell succeeds best, in my judgment, with Albert Samain and Henri de Régnier, and declines only a little in her handling of Remy de Gourmont and Paul Fort. Francis Jammes is a little too much stroked, or "moiled"—if I may revivify an aging word—for the effective disengagement of contours, and the shaggy bulk of Emile Verhaeren finds scant room to dispose itself on Miss Lowell's straitened canvas. Four or five of these men are Symbolists, and the task of fixing their peculiarity, which Miss Lowell rather unhandsomely throws back upon my incompetence, I essay with the diffidence of half-knowledge.

Nature may be viewed by the artist in three ways: first, as the occasion for art; secondly, as the prerequisite; thirdly—and far more rarely—as a province of art. A woman's face, in the street, is caught by a kodak; a woman stands draped and ornamented for her portrait; a woman simulates—enacts—a portrait, as in the studio scene in the "Peg Woffington" of Charles Reade. Survey an actual object; preserve its objectivity; attenuate to the utmost all the traits that refer to its *history*—its action, for instance, and its sensibility; accentuate to the utmost all those traits that would stand out in its mirrored reflex—its appearance, notably, and significance: and a real object may put on a strong resemblance to its carved or pictured image. The Symbolists picture a reality which is itself picture.

Let me illustrate by a passage in "Nocturne Provincial," in which Albert Samain lets his thoughts wander to the young girls sleeping calmly in the Ursuline convent.

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"Et leurs corps sans péché dans la blancheur des lits." A man like Shakespeare, in Samain's place, would have been glad with these young things for their portion in the clemency of sleep; a man like Beyle or De Musset would have foreglimpsed his own rapture in the appropriation of those "delicious" contours. But for Samain they are detached, both from their own sensations and the poet's destiny; they interpret a quality of things. They are a glance, a signal, of the universe; a whisper of the cosmos in the poet's wakeful ear. He has framed or pedestalled the real object; that is, he has chosen to view it in its objectivity, its passivity, its concentration and abstraction, its insulation or detachment. And, just as in the real object, aspect, not function, is emphasized, so, in the language itself, it is not meaning so much as sound or form that serves the purpose of the imagination: *manifestation* in both fields supplanting *agency*.

What rank do these Symbolists deserve in literature? Miss Lowell distributes her badges of honor with a munificence which at first alarms and afterwards reassures us. Nothing lightens the shock of a startling assertion like its immediate reinforcement by a second assertion of parallel audacity. We might be disconcerted to learn that Verhaeren (whose symbolism is rather questionable) is a very great poet, but his greatness becomes innocuous when we learn that Paul Fort is likewise a very great poet —while poets vulgarly "great" fairly block the Parnassian thoroughfare. M. Verhaeren may be very great to his heart's content—with M. Paul Fort. He might have asked to be very great with Shakespeare and Dante!

Miss Lowell, in fact, nowhere exhibits that range of knowledge or that power of comparison which would fit her for the task of assessorship. Her addiction to superlatives is quite explicable. In "Middlemarch," which I chance to be re-reading, Lydgate did not find thirty pounds an excessive outlay for bridal amethysts when there was no visible limit in cash to exceed. Miss Lowell's superlatives cannot overshoot the mark so long as neither comparisons nor definitions have supplied a mark to overshoot.

My own estimate of these poets falls far short of Miss Lowell's. If the greatest literature be the least self-centred, the least self-conscious, then the literature of M. Fort and M. de Régnier, finely wrought and imaginative as it is, must rank incontestably below the greatest. This poetry, with all its subtle beauty, is, in the last analysis, an escape, a decoy, a mirage. Call secondary literature recreative and supreme literature re-creative, and these poets must be mulcted of the advantage of the hyphen.

The strong though mixed impression of power and promise made upon my early reviewership by Mr. Arensberg's former volume is not reinforced by a perusal of "Idols." The signs of power are still visible. The mere Dante translation attains levels inaccessible to mediocrity, and there are not lacking personal moments when the author's presence is Olympian. He speaks thus at Pæstum:

Is it a hushed good morrow to the sea
Or a good night, if night shall be for good,
That thou art holding in thine attitude,
O faithful Grecian fane in Italy?
Wrecked is the god who went away from thee;
Thou takest the shadows for thy widowhood;
Thou hast not fallen when the winds have wooed;
Thou art the patience of Penelope.

But Mr. Arensberg does not stay long in the temple; he prefers the studio. His fortune as a whole is imaged in a line of Shelley's: "I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed." He has pursued the warmth of living reality, and he has brought back a musical appliance. In his cult of technique he becomes tolerant or desirous of wayward and broken suggestions, of intimations and glimmerings, of the image that beckons on the margin of the thought that flies. The inclusion of the poem called "Autobiographic" is peculiarly unfortunate. I am of a temper which finds nothing less ridiculous than the courage which faces ridicule, but when a man writes a parody on himself, and writes it unwittingly, his stake is forfeit; he is self-betrayed. Mr. Arensberg's safety with me lay in my fear that my own purblindness might have imagined mists in his sunshine, but self-disparagement, even in reviewers, has its limits, and "Autobiographic" is an overdraft on that faculty.

There is not a little that is blunt, common, and unpleasant even in poems imbued with virtuosity. Half the literary faults, once branded as crude or shiftless, are now, under the specious designation of originalities and audacities, re-admitted with honor to the precincts from which they were formerly expelled in disgrace. They are observable sometimes even in the interesting anti-Germanic poems in which Mr. Arensberg's craft, normally subaqueous, rises to the level of common life to let fly its torpedoes.

I am sorry to be pinched for space in handling Mr. Untermeyer's dexterous exhibition of lyric ventriloquism in a volume acephalously called "——— and Other Poets." Versions of Mother Goose in the dialect of John Masefield or Lascelles Abercrombie should be comic, but many of these poems make burlesque the excuse and the disguise for serious imitations; they simulate burlesque. I risk Mr. Untermeyer's indignation (or his mirth) by confessing that I like him best when he imitates the gravest authors most gravely. I could spare whole pages or poems rather than lose two delectable lines—not in the least comic—in which he finely reproduces the recession, the declivity, of Mr. Stephen Phillips's cadenced verse:

As Orpheus when he swept his singing lute
Amid the ancient silences and stars.

He wins us with his Walter de la Mare and touches felicity with Alfred Noyes. In the ricochet of another man's laugh, he is sufficiently enjoyable; but when he succumbs to anticlimax and actually ridicules serious writers like John Masefield or Sara Teasdale, he sinks in their fall.

In a second section, "Attempted Affinities," he imitates two authors at once—an ingenious device the novelty of which our sagacious ancestors reserved intact for Mr. Untermeyer. I must confess that my own opinion of these cross-fertilizations agrees exactly with that of Perdita in the "Winter's Tale." Some "Pierian Handsprings" bring the limber volume to an agile close.

O. W. Firkins.

Correspondence

A NEW FORCE OF REGENERATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I call the attention of readers of the *Nation* to Paul Bourget's "La Vérité délivre," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 15? Others may have been more fortunate in their reading, but to me this is the first clear indication of any redemption of spirit won from the intolerable agony of the war. M. Bourget's little dramatic sketch is masterly in execution; it seems to me to speak authoritatively of manly repentance for what modern French literature has so largely been, and to promise a new force of regeneration.

I could not help contrasting its virile tone with the false and sickly sentiment of Mr. Galsworthy's "Sekhet," published in *Scribner's* some months ago. Will no one speak for England? Will English and American magazines go on printing, and Englishmen and Americans go on reading, the tainted productions of Mr. Galsworthy, the conceited buffoonery of Mr. Shaw, and the sham wisdom of Mr. Wells? These writers represent to the world the people of Shakespeare and Milton and Johnson and Scott. Will nothing shame them into silence? P. E. M.

Princeton, N. J., May 22.

"INDEMNITY" FOR AMERICAN LIVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With the inevitable capitulation of the Imperial German Government in the Sussex case, we are measurably nearer the time when our own authorities must take up the question of Germany's financial responsibility in such cases. There is ground for serious objection to the use of the word "indemnity," or "reparation," in such a connection. These words both mean the same thing, a making good of the loss. England can and will indemnify us for financial losses growing out of her blockade operations, in all cases in which we can present a demonstrably valid claim. No matter how much she may pay, Germany will not and cannot indemnify us for the scores of American lives which she has ruthlessly taken, with no valid warrant in either law or morals. In the settlement to be made, no question of indemnity or reparation, in the ordinary meaning of these terms, should be taken into consideration at all, notwithstanding the fact that von Jagow has used such language in his Sussex note. There is but one right way to regard any money which we may ask from Germany as a result of the submarine outrages, from the Lusitania to the Sussex, and that is as distinctly

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penal in its character, and not compensatory in any degree. And there should be no question that the penalty assessed should be heavy enough to be sharply felt, even by so great and rich a country as Germany. The interests of future peace will be distinctly furthered by letting the whole world know that the lawless destruction of the lives of our citizens on the high seas is not to be atoned for by any paltry sum of money. Even the "pacifist" himself ought to be able to see that leniency in such a case can only tend against the end towards which he is working. I mean, of course, the sincere pacifist, and not the type which here in the Middle West has been voting for Henry Ford as the most available present method of furthering the ideals of von Bernhardi and the militarist ambitions of the Hohenzollerns. W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, O., May 11.

LYNCHING DEFENDED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent editorial in the *Nation* concerning the burning of a negro in Waco, Tex., for murder and rape on a white woman leads me to write you this letter for publication. Let me say, however, that your editorial was not that wild denunciation that one so often sees in our Northern papers against lynching.

I was born in New York, educated in a Middle Western college. I never crossed the Mason and Dixon line till I was twenty-eight years old. During this time I thought Southern people who lynched and burned negroes for rape were barbarians, and deserved the same torture they dealt to the negroes. To date I have been living in the South fifteen years; and now I'm a convert. I have found that the average Southern man knows more about the North than the Northern man does about the South. There are reasons for this: The North is richer and greater in many respects than the South, and when a man of the South has the time and means to travel he goes North. The Northern man goes abroad. Look up the enrolment of students by States in our Northern colleges. You will find students from Southern States in surprisingly great numbers, especially graduates. Apply a similar test to the Southern colleges; many excellent institutions do not have a single student from the North. Southern merchants, bankers, educators, and even farmers and other business men, spend from a few weeks to a number of years up North. The same percentage of Northern people does not thus become acquainted with the South by visiting it.

I say I am a convert in reference to the negro question. I have lived in the North among negroes, but they were of the better class; they were more intelligent and refined than those of the South. Their superiority was due, in the main, to two factors, viz.: (1) they were, to begin with, the thriftiest, most moral and intelligent, of the Southern negroes that had moved from the South, or the descendants of such; and (2) they were so few in number that they were swept by the current of the Northern will and social pressure. Since I had never heard of a case of rape on a white woman in our community, I thought the negroes and whites of the South ought to get along equally as well. But circumstances are far different in these two sections. In many sections of the South negroes greatly outnumber the whites. When such is the case, negroes are inclined to be troublesome and insolent to the whites. I got a taste of this contempt for white minority some years ago in a South Carolina town, where I had frequently gone as a travelling salesman. I walked in company with two other white men to a commissary store in the suburbs. On the way out we met a large negro that I had often seen about the commissary. He politely gave us half the sidewalk, and spoke to us. An hour later I returned alone, and met the same negro and a companion. The former tilted his head proudly into the air, and, whistling a brazen tune, jostled me from the walk.

It may be bad to lynch, but is it not far worse for a dehumanized fiend, swelling with bestial lust, to lay his cursed hands on a pure, defenceless woman to satisfy his animal nature? Mr. Editor, you have never had a sister, a wife, or a child outraged by a beast who has all the privileges of respectable men.

Think how you would act and feel if the life, and that which is a thousand times more sacred than life, of your dearest one were forever blasted at the hands of the Southern woman's worst enemy. Five years ago I beheld a sight the like of which I hope I may never live to see again. A doctor friend asked me to go with him to a country home; for I might be of service. An honest-faced, intelligent young farmer met us at the gate. Tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he was suffering great anguish of mind and heart. In the house his beautiful wife lay a writhing, groaning mass on the bed. The shock was too much for her. After medical attention, she somewhat regained herself, but only to think of her poor baby—for the outraged girl was only eleven. The wife and mother cried, begged wildly for help, caressed her husband, and worked herself into a feverish exhaustion. In the little girl's room we beheld on the bed the body of a murdered child, with golden hair, tangled and clotted with her own dying blood. A grewsome cut on her left cheek yawned to the bone. Her throat was black and swollen from the strangler's hand. Two of her front teeth were broken off. The most horrible sight cannot be spoken for print; but the child was eleven, and the negro a large man of twenty-five, and he resorted to laceration with a knife. This is by no means an exaggerated case. There are others equally as bad.

If that had been your only child that had been raped and murdered by a trusted farm hand, and he had been lynched that night by your neighbors—would you have sat down next day and written an editorial against *lynching*, or against *raping?* 'Tis exceedingly strange that whenever a negro is lynched for rape, our Northern papers are filled with editorials about the *awful* crime of lynching. Yet I have never read one editorial protest against the rape fiend. Your silence on the thing would indicate that the life and character of a pure woman are not so sacred as the life of a vulture that preys upon the vitals of society.

Some people seem to think lynching is for the negro alone. He happens to select premeditatedly his manner of dying. Let the white man commit rape, and he will meet a like fate. I believe that the sacredness of woman is so divine that whoever seeks to outrage her deserves a punishment more awful than that accorded to a common murderer. Just as the carcass of a pirate dangling from the arm of a ship was a warning example to other men of piratical intentions, so is the lynched rape fiend a warning sign to those who think they may tamper with the character of a woman. The righteous indignation of a community in speedily and awfully punishing *the* heinous crime is not to be too hastily criticised by those who do not know conditions, and who have never felt the pangs of hell in having a loved one ruined.

Let us be honest and unprejudiced. The Southern people are actually human beings. They are from the same stock and race as the Northern people. Let your criticism be constructive, and not condemning. Devise plans to prevent the negro from causing the South to wreak vengeance on him, and then black bodies hanging from telephone poles will be as rare as dead pirates hanging from the yard-arms of present-day ships. Lynching is a horrible disease. Remove the cause, and the disease disappears. Try to feel and think in your time about the negro situation in the South as the great Lincoln did in his time, when he said: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation."

J. T. WINSTON.

Bryan, Tex., May 26.

[No one in the North has the slightest sympathy with the perpetrators of these unspeakable crimes, whether white or black. The obvious condemnation of lynching is that it is extra-legal, and is readily extended from rape to other less serious crimes, frequently on inadequate grounds of suspicion. ED. THE NATION.]

"HOMER IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Dial* for June 8 I have a communication entitled "Homer in English Hexameters," containing some hexameter translations from the first book of the "Iliad," and concluding with the following announcement: "It is my wish to complete a hexameter translation of the entire 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' However, I should not proceed with this arduous task if I knew that some other scholar were engaged on a like undertaking. I should be grateful if such information might be forwarded to me at the address given below." May I ask you to aid me in gaining a wider hearing for my request by printing this letter? B. Q. MORGAN.

1710 Adams Street, Madison, Wis., June 12.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A HUMANIST?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 27 appeared an article by Dr. Stuart Sherman on "The Humanism of Shakespeare." In this he endeavored to prove that Shakespeare was a self-conscious artist with a definite ethical system, according to which life is viewed as upon three levels—the lowest, that of the natural world, governed by instinct and passion; the middle, that of the human world, governed by reason and free will; the highest, that of the spiritual world, governed by the eternal ideas. It is natural that Dr. Sherman, who belongs to the small but eminent group of American classicists that have battled so valiantly for the rights of reason, should wish to enlist the potent authority of Shakespeare on his behalf, but it is a hopeless task, even for one of Dr. Sherman's ability and scholar-

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ship. And it has led him into some amazing errors.

Neglecting the patent facts of Elizabethan turbulence, where jostled all manner of warring ideals—commercialism, adventure, chivalry, sensationalism, "the sweets of sweet philosophy" and the sweets of love and wine, Platonic idealism, skepticism, religious fanaticism—neglecting all this, Dr. Sherman still talks in the old-fashioned manner of one well-defined "typical thinking Elizabethan." This abstraction was incarnated, according to Dr. Sherman, in the courtly writers, such as Sidney the Platonist, Bacon the empiricist, the undramatic Spenser, and, above all, the moralistic Hooker. It is in them that we find men of Shakespeare's temper. Strange, is it not, that their influence upon him should have been so slight in comparison with that of the naturalistic Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and Montaigne? Paradoxical criticism could go no further than to attempt to find the analogue to Shakespeare's dramatic vision of the world in the views of the most undramatic of his contemporaries.

Nor does the verdict of Shakespeare's contemporaries, to which Dr. Sherman appeals, afford any support for his contentions. From the editors of the Folio, who asserted that Shakespeare revised scarcely a line of his manuscript, down to Milton, who could hear "Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child, warble his native wood notes wild," the men of his own time were almost unanimous in regarding Shakespeare as an intuitive poet who wrote by nature rather than by art. Even Ben Jonson, who is Dr. Sherman's chief witness, proves an untrustworthy ally. Jonson in his official eulogy compared Shakespeare both to the humanistic Sophocles and the naturalistic Euripides; in private conversation he said that "Shakespeare wanted art"; and in "Timber" his final and definitive view was that "hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too."

Dr. Sherman is not more fortunate in his account of the works themselves. Passing quickly over the narrative poems, and neglecting even to mention the early melodramas, he finds the characteristic quality of the romantic comedies to lie in their light satire upon love and sentiment. He overlooks their still more evident satire upon reason. Beginning with "Love's Labour's Lost," that tale of the four would-be philosophers who fall in love with the first women they meet, through "A Midsummer Night's Dream," where it is at the height of his enchantment that Lysander insists that he is guided by reason, on to "Much Ado," where the rational Benedick and Beatrice fall such easy victims to love, throughout this group of plays Shakespeare shows us a world governed not by reason, but by more fundamental impulses, which nevertheless lead to ultimate happiness.

In the group of tragedies these impulses, of course, do not lead to ultimate happiness, and Dr. Sherman considers the great plays to be a homily upon the theme "The World Lost through Passion." He is surprisingly certain that Shakespeare is an entire believer in free will, quotes Iago as expressing Shakespeare's own view, and accepts the antiquated conception that Shakespeare's characters are responsible for their own downfall. This is to neglect the Prologue to "Romeo and Juliet," the Witches in "Macbeth," and many references to the might of Destiny in "Hamlet," "Lear," and even "The Tempest." More serious still, it neglects the environment in which the characters are placed, and so misses the essential point of every drama. The real cause of the tragedy in each case lies in an unwonted situation which prevents the hero from realizing his own personality. Hamlet the philosopher is called upon to "set the world right"—which cannot be done by thinking; Othello, the simple-minded soldier, must face the wiliest tempter in all literature; Lear, who is "every inch a king," must learn to be a subject. They fail, but they remain great personalities, in whose experience Shakespeare sees far more elements of value than in that of the calm and successful men of good judgment by whom they are surrounded. The world they lose is the external world of wealth, honor, and peace; the world they win is the internal world of heroic endeavor which cannot be entered save through passion.

It seems a little strange that Dr. Sherman in his discussion of Shakespeare's attitude towards love should have omitted even to mention "Antony and Cleopatra." It is much like considering Milton's religious views without taking into account "Paradise Lost." In "Antony and Cleopatra" Shakespeare rises to the height of the Elizabethan belief in Personality—which is the one belief really typical of that era, though ignored by Dr. Sherman. In the "lass unparalleled," "whose infinite variety age could not wither nor custom stale," whose culminating deed wins the verdict "well done, and fitting for a princess descended of so many royal kings," and in "the crown o' the earth, the soldier's pole, the garland of the war," after whose death "is nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon," in them Shakespeare shows the apotheosis of passionate personality. And if inner conviction is to be judged by power of expression and splendor of imagination—as it surely is—then Shakespeare was never more himself than in "Antony and Cleopatra."

The later plays show a clear weakening of intellectual and emotional grasp upon life. The poet writes like one who is tired and seeking escape from the evils of the world through love of the wild places of nature—the mountains of Wales, "the coast of Bohemia," the enchanted island of "The Tempest"—or through love of simple, innocent, instinctive beings like Perdita and Miranda. In their entire atmosphere these plays are even less humanistic than the earlier ones.

Of Prospero, Dr. Sherman says: "Before the higher powers, between whom and him the partition of the senses is growing transparent, he stands in quiet expectation of the hour when he, released from the imprisonment and servitude of time and space, shall pass through nature into the world of eternal ideas." This goes far beyond the text. What Prospero says is:

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

And that he will

> Retire me to my Milan where
> Every third thought shall be my grave.

Not a word, here or elsewhere in Shakespeare, of "the eternal ideas."

It is about as unprofitable a task to try to label Shakespeare as it is to label the universe; but, if it must be done, the truth is that Shakespeare was much more of a naturalist than a humanist, and more of a skeptic than either. If he must be gifted with a philosophy, it is that of the skeptical Montaigne rather than that of the moralistic Hooker.

ERNEST S. BATES.

Eugene, Ore., May 20.

WUMBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will not some one of your readers come to the aid of an unfortunate scholar whose explorations in our noble speech occasionally "fault"? What is *wumble?* To make the question clear, I quote from the London *Athenæum* of January, 1916, pp. 47-48. Under the heading, "Children's Plays and Pantomimes," the *Athenæum* says:

> "The Starlight Express" . . . is by far the most, if not the only, original effort made on behalf of the children this season. But we think it is their elders rather than they who will derive most benefit from it. It is certainly the former who stand most in need of its lesson. As a matter of fact, the "wumbled" family were not sufficiently "wumbled" to make their "unwumbling" a striking example. Sympathy and unselfishness were by no means absent from their lives. Of course, there was room for the improvement shown in the penultimate scene. We provided ourselves with a girl critic of eleven, who, as the following incident will establish, was not a stranger to a "wumbled" father. One day she left the nursery and boisterously invaded his sanctum in one of his "wumbled" moments, and was sharply reprimanded. Her older sister, following her, was thus warned of his state: "Sh—sh! Father's trying to think, and he's not used to it!"

"Of course" we have read of the bong tree and runcible spoon; even of the snark. But *wumble?* Is it, like snark (sn-ail and sh-ark), an amalgamation of w-ise and -'umble? At any rate, where and by whom was it first used, and in what sense?

J. M. H.

Washington, D. C., April 17.

Notes from the Capital

OLLIE M. JAMES.

If it is true, as reported, that the President put in a personal request that Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, should be chosen to preside over the Democratic National Convention, it is probably a sign that he believes in a mascot. James presided over the tedious Baltimore Convention of 1912, in which the supporters of Wilson sat out and tired out all their foes. He is about the last man who would be chosen on the strength of his appearance to handle a difficult situation in such a gathering. Big, bald, bland-faced, he is the perfect image of a good fellow, with whom one might pass an enjoyable evening trading funny stories; but there is nothing about him that suggests the possibility of his mastering a rampant mob. Nevertheless, now and then an occasion arises, as it did in Baltimore, when an inexhaustible fund of good-nature, like that which James carries with him everywhere, becomes the most valuable asset the gentleman with the gavel can command. The Baltimore delegates fell into more or less of a "frazzle" soon after the Convention opened. Dr. Bryan was there, with a full equipment of disagreeable doses, which he was resolved to make those patients swallow, regardless of their wry faces; and, unless some one had been close behind him with an emollient, there might have been serious trouble.

What has given James his steady political advancement from a pageship in the Kentucky Legislature to a seat in the United

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States Senate, and what causes his selection for every chairmanship or other figurehead position that looms up anywhere in his neighborhood, is his unlimited popularity. Even persons who affect to regard him as a good deal of a joke are fond of him, and support with gusto a proposal to pay him some titular mark of respect. I once asked one of his factional opponents why he had not retorted to a certain statement James had made in a speech. He answered: "It might hurt Ollie's feelings. Suppose he were to throw himself upon my shoulder and weep!" And as I pictured what might happen if the huge Kentuckian, overcome by emotion, were to lean his three hundred pounds against the frame of an ordinary man, I realized why my friend was reluctant to invite such a hazard.

The lack of hair on James's dome-like pate is a constant source of delight to the humorists of his acquaintance. One day, while he was still in the House, he was commenting to a fellow Representative on the little straws which show the way the wind of fame is blowing, and cited in illustration the fact that a horse-trainer in Kentucky had named a favorite racer "Congressman James" in his honor.

"Pooh!" said his colleague. "That's nothing. You were well enough known in West Virginia years ago for the people to name a post office after you."

"Really?" cried James. "I never heard of it before. Which of my names did they give it, James or Ollie?"

"Neither. They called it Bald Knob."

An oft-repeated story is of one very hot summer afternoon at home, when James, who had dropped into a suburban bookmaking establishment to bet on a coming horse-race, suddenly heard that the house was to be raided, and dived out of the back door, leaving his hat and coat, which he had laid aside as he entered. The nearest place that offered a refuge chanced to be a luxuriant cornfield, with stalks more than six feet high, topped with umbrageous tassels, and into this he plunged. Though the scare was soon over, he did not like to venture out in his dishabille and present himself as a target for embarrassing inquiries, so he wandered about there till the sun went down. Residents of the neighborhood who had happened to look out of their upper windows towards the field that afternoon had been astonished to see a globular object, very like a pink toy balloon, bobbing here and there between rows of tassels; but few of them guessed what the phenomenon meant till the next day, when James presided at a public meeting, and it was a subject of remark among the spectators that the usually fair surface of the chairman's head had turned a rich bronze, dotted with spots, where peeling had begun.

The Senator's early days as a lawyer were passed in rural Kentucky, where classical erudition was scarce. Once he undertook the defence of a prisoner against whom the evidence was so unimpeachable as to necessitate a resort to something else than argument. So James filled his closing speech with quotations from Cicero and Tacitus, Homer and Xenophon, in the original text as well as he could call it to mind. The jury handed up a verdict of "guilty" without quitting their seats. James promptly moved that the Court should set the verdict aside. The Judge, a typical country 'squire, with equal promptness refused. James then pleaded with him, admitting that he had erred in quoting so much from the classics, but saying that he had been swept away for the moment by a flood of sentiment. "I should have realized," he added, "that all my classical oratory would be mere turkey-tracks to your Honor and the jury. If, however, you will grant my client a new trial, I will endeavor to bring myself down to your intellectual level."

"Your motion," thundered the magistrate, "is overruled, and you're fined five dollars for contempt!"

"Why?" inquired James.

"Because you have accused this Court of not knowing Latin and Greek from turkey-tracks."

"Oh, very well," responded Ollie, in his sweetest tone. "I have no objection—now that I know your Honor understands me."

No, dear reader, his name is not Oliver; it's really Ollie, and nothing more. TATTLER.

Literature

GOVERNOR McCALL.

Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts. By Lawrence B. Evans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

So identified is Mr. McCall in the popular mind with Massachusetts that most readers of this book will be astonished to learn from it that he was born in Pennsylvania, passed his boyhood in rural Illinois, did not see New England till he was sixteen years of age, and became a resident of Massachusetts only after he had attained his majority and prepared for admission to the bar. Doubtless he owes the breadth of view which has marked his public activities to the acquaintance thus gained with the variety of neighborhoods, living conditions, and classes and types of men to be found in the country north of Mason and Dixon's line and east of the Mississippi. He comes of sturdy stock. A great-grandfather fell at Brandywine, one grandfather met with accidental death at ninety-five, and one grandmother lived to be nearly ninety-nine. The McCall family was of Scotch origin, but two generations ago intermarried with the "Pennsylvania Dutch."

Samuel Walker McCall was born in 1851, the sixth of a family of eleven children. His father was caught in the tide of westward migration which swept over the Middle States in the early fifties, and settled on a farm in Illinois near the Wisconsin line; and there Samuel passed his school days, finding his pleasantest recreation in roaming over the breezy prairies, often on a saddleless horse. The Civil War came on, and his boyish interest in it was so stirred by the enlistment of two of his brothers, as well as by his proximity to the homes of Lincoln and Grant and Trumbull, that everything he saw and heard during that critical period remains a vivid memory with him to this day. Soon after the war, a neighbor who had come from New Hampshire descanted to him on the charms of a certain coeducational academy in that State with such eloquence that he persuaded his father to let him go there. Travel was slower then than now, and it took him nearly five days to reach his destination. But "journeys end in lovers' meeting," and at the academy the lad met a fellow-pupil, Miss Ella Esther Thompson, a Mayflower descendant, who fourteen years later became his wife.

Thus doubly attached to New Hampshire, and having in his juvenile reading fallen under the fascination of Daniel Webster's oratory, it was natural that young McCall should be attracted by Dartmouth above all other colleges. Judged by the contemporary portrait in the book before us, he must have been a handsome fellow when he entered college, with as broad a forehead proportionally as he has now, but more hair a-top, a nose less strongly developed, and fuller and more pliant lips. The positive set of the chin was there already; and this index pointed true, as appears from his own statement that he began his career as a "kicker" in connection with college affairs. He joined a local Greek-letter society organized to oppose the intercollegiate fraternities. He also became editor of the *Anvil*, the undergraduate journal, whose comments on persons in high places presently reached a degree of freedom which caused the faculty to interfere and the enterprise to come to a sudden stop, leaving McCall with a promissory note to pay so large that, with the accrued interest, it took him several years to liquidate his debt.

He had his turn, while a junior, at teaching a country school out of term-time; and the impression he made on one of his pupils lasted a good while, if we accept as evidence a brief correspondence they exchanged after a memorable attack McCall made in Congress upon the silver heresy.

"You once," wrote the former disciple, who in the interval had removed to Mr. Bryan's State, "were my teacher in Latin and Greek at the Kimball Union Academy. I have just read your speech on the silver bill. You are a damned fool."

"I may," ran the prompt response, "have been your teacher in Latin and Greek, but I am glad I was not your teacher in piety and propriety."

A second and more strenuous period as an instructor came after he left college and had begun studying law. He had charge of a night-school in which many of the pupils were big, brawny, and pugnacious, and McCall did not establish his supremacy till, with his clenched fists, he had pounded a proper sense of it into the body of a particularly offensive bully, at the risk of bringing the whole class down upon him in defence of their comrade.

Passing over his initial struggles in building up a law practice, and a brief adventure in Boston journalism, we note his three successive terms in the Massachusetts Legislature, where, among other things, he was chiefly instrumental in putting through the first Corrupt-Practices law ever enacted in any of our States, and a statute abolishing imprisonment for debt except in cases of

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fraud. His promotion to Congress followed in due course, and he entered the House as the Republican Representative of what was known as the "Harvard district," at the extra session called by President Cleveland for the purpose of repealing the Sherman Silver-Purchase act. His maiden speech in the repeal debate was masterly, and attracted attention to him as one of the coming men in Federal legislation. By no means its least notable feature was its ungrudging recognition of the patriotism which a President of the opposing party was displaying in ignoring the threatened wreck of his Administration in order to protect the financial credit of the nation.

Throughout his twenty years in Washington he maintained a like independent attitude; and again and again, in the face of the most menacing omens, his constituency came to his support with big majorities, one of them amounting to nearly nineteen thousand. It seemed to be trying to answer with votes his trenchant warning: "If you want a man with the backbone of an angle-worm, don't send me back to Congress!" And his independence appears to have been of the well-balanced sort. On the one hand, he stood out, as one of six in the whole House, in voting against the resolution which brought to a head the war with Spain; but this did not prevent his voting for the fifty-million-dollar grant placed unreservedly in the control of the President to provide for the national defence, or supporting every measure for pushing the war to a successful conclusion after the country had actually become involved in it. While he went as far as any one in advocacy of a Constitutional amendment permitting Congress to regulate hours of labor throughout the Union, he resisted vigorously the idea of Government ownership of transportation routes, as a too-ready means to enable the national authority to "usurp the insignificant powers remaining in the States." He was a protectionist on principle, but warned his fellow-believers that if they carried their protective measures beyond a sanely guarded margin, they were "liable to drift upon the rocks of extortion, of monopoly, and ultimately of Populism." It was he who first gave vitality to the scheme, since put into practical execution, for substituting open benches for desks in the Hall of Representatives, and he is regarded as the father of the National Fine Arts Commission which has so often stood between the beauty of Washington city and the architectural and sculptural monstrosities with which Philistines have conspired to deface it. And through all his busiest years he has contrived to do his full share towards enlightening the public mind on general topics, in books, and essays, and addresses of a scholarly character.

Mr. Evans has accomplished a good piece of work in making his hero human—a virtue not too common in biographies of men who have led lives as crowded as McCall's. From a literary point of view, there might be some criticism of what seems to have been a rather hasty revision, resulting in overlooking several ambiguities of construction and a needless repetition here and there. The topical method followed, as distinguished from the chronological, in telling the story, may prove at times slightly confusing to readers who are not very familiar with the background of events against which McCall's public work has been projected, but it is a wise treatment on the whole.

AN EX-PRESIDENT'S TALES OF ADVENTURE.

A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Many people have speculated as to what some eminent men might have been and might have done in other fields of activity than those which circumstance has allotted to them. Brougham, in those "Sketches of Statesmen" of the time of George the Third, which are still worth reading, now that his solemn treatises on the British Constitution and the Best form of Government have passed into oblivion, discusses the question whether Pitt and Fox would have succeeded at the bar had they taken to that profession. It has been said of some famous warriors that if they had not been great generals, they would have been great mathematicians. So one may ask what would Mr. Roosevelt have been had he not taken to politics. This book seems to supply an answer. He would have been a traveller and a naturalist, perhaps preëminently an ornithologist, for his keen observation, sense of beauty, and immense interest in bird-life specially qualify him for that singularly fascinating branch of natural history.

The contents of the book fall into three parts. The first of these consists of three chapters which deal with Arizona, describing hunting expeditions in pursuit of the cougar or North American panther, as well as of some journeys across the deserts and observations on the aboriginal Indians, Navajos and Hopis, their way of life, and their superstitious observances. These are fresh, graphic, and interesting, doing justice to the wonderful scenery. The next three chapters are devoted to South American countries—Argentina, southern Brazil, and Chile. The third part is somewhat miscellaneous. It includes a chapter on the various natives whom the author has employed in hunting trips—East Africans, South Americans, and North American Red Indians; another chapter on the sea-birds in the delta of the Mississippi River, another on hunting in Canada, and another of an anthropological character, embodying the results of recent inquiries into primitive man and the animals, horse, lion, and elephant, that were his contemporaries tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago. There is thus a good deal of matter for everybody who cares either about the wild life of our own times, where it can still be found, or about savage and semi-savage man; and there are also some vivid descriptions of scenery in regions which travellers seldom visit. The best of these descriptions are those of the Arizona Desert, a singularly impressive region, full of a weird and solemn beauty, and those of the border land of southern Chile and southern Argentina, where deep lakes surrounded by dense primeval forests lie under the snow peaks of the Andes, a land full, according to the presentation given here, of picturesque charm.

It is not easy to speak in general terms of a volume which contains matter so diversified. We may, however, direct the reader's attention to two topics in particular which have a practical interest. One of these is the condition of the native Indians in Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Roosevelt very properly dwells on the duty of the United States Government to care for and protect the native Indians. This is now pretty generally recognized, but there are various ways of doing it, and his remarks upon the proper kind of policy to follow are marked by good sense and good feeling. He points out that it is an error to force the white man's education and standards of life upon the natives, and not always wise even to press Christianity, and an error also to treat the several tribes upon the same general lines, so great are the differences in character, habits, and cultural advancement.

Wherever the effort is to jump the ordinary Indian too far ahead and then after all send him back to the reservation, the result is usually failure. To be useful, the steps for the ordinary boy or girl, in any save the most advanced tribes, must normally be gradual. Enough English should be taught to enable such a boy or girl to read, write, and cipher so as not to be cheated in the ordinary commercial transactions. Outside of this, the training should be industrial, and among the Navajos it should be the *kind of industrial training which shall avail in the home cabins and in tending flocks and herds and irrigated fields.* The Indian should be encouraged to build a better house, but the house must not be too different from his present dwelling, or he will, *as a rule*, neither build it nor live in it. The boy should be taught what will be of actual use to him among his fellows, and not what might be of use to a skilled mechanic in a big city, who can work only with first-class appliances, and the agency farmer should steadily strive to teach the young men out in the field how to better their stock and practically to increase the yield of their rough agriculture (pp. 53, 54).

He also very properly commends the effort of some judicious friends of the Indians "to preserve and perpetuate all the cultural development to which the Indian has already attained—in art, music, poetry, or manufacture—and moreover to secure the further de-

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velopment and adaptation of this Indian culture so as to make it what it undoubtedly can be made: an important constituent element in our national cultural development." "The art side of Indian life is entirely unrevealed to most white men, and there is urgent need from the standpoint of the white man himself of a proper appreciation of native art. Such appreciation may mean much towards helping the development of an original American art for our whole people."

Of the South Americans on their social, political, or cultural side very little is said, but that little is always friendly, as when the German colonists of southern Chile are sympathetically touched on, and when the size of Spanish-American families is contrasted with the growing sterility of North American marriages, a topic to which, as everybody knows, Col. Roosevelt often recurs.

The other practical topic to which he recalls the attention of the American public is the preservation of wild animal life, with the need for establishing reserves and having efficient officers to carry out the regulations made therefor. In the very interesting description given of the wild birds that frequent the mouths of the Mississippi, there are (p. 299) some excellent and much-needed remarks on this subject. No one has done more than Col. Roosevelt to rouse the better sentiment of the country on the conservation of natural resources in animated nature, as well as in other more familiar directions. Here, in his descriptions of the gulls and terns, and, above all, of the stately frigate birds, that give life and charm to the otherwise dismal region where the mighty flood of the Mississippi, emerging from malarious wood swamps, pushes its yellow mud banks into the blue waters of the Gulf, he shows himself the practiced and ardent ornithologist.

WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

The Harim and the Purdah. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: The Century Co. $3 net.

Under this specific title Mrs. Cooper offers the reader a generic survey of Oriental women, but while including the women of Burma, China, and Japan, curiously enough, she has omitted those of Turkey and Persia. Her book is so largely composed of the familiar traveller's impressions of the condition and ideals of Oriental women under stress of Western influences that only rarely does she wake us with the voice of prophecy. In India alone she touches the core of her subject. But Mrs. Cooper is overwhelmed by the data she gathered in that vast racial laboratory, as, indeed, are all who are not conversant with India's heterogeneity. It is a pity that she did not study the Turkish *haremlik*, for no more classical material exists for a writer on this subject.

Bound by generations of custom and habit, since the close of the last century the traditional web of existence among Oriental women has been swept by adventitious changes. There is a definite need for a study of these changes by a well-equipped feminist. Too often a sense of confusion and paradox haunts the pen of the observant traveller, while the missionary record is obscured by an eager recognition of evidence that is sporadic and often irrelevant. The whole question bristles with ethnic, sumptuary, and religious difficulties, and we are glad that Mrs. Cooper, unlike her predecessors, took only what she found. Her solicitude for the future of India's women is not consistent with her admiration of the Burmese and Japanese woman "influenced and moulded by her economic necessities"; for with these latter the rewards of freedom are obvious, while the economic factor is the pivot on which emancipation turns. In India the social fabric is essentially religious, and thus less liable to change. But the constant attrition of Western materialism must inevitably lay it bare to the same gusts of reform that agitate European Turkey, the true home of the *harīm*. Mrs. Cooper was frequently confused by flotsam left in the wake of the European milliner.

In Egypt Mrs. Cooper found the women eager for education as a result of the increasing demands by Egyptian men for wives more nearly their intellectual equals. Since her book appeared, a "Women's Educational Union" has been founded in Cairo by the mother of the Khedive, where Egyptian women of the upper class, together with foreign women, may devote themselves to the spread of female education. And the same desire is true of the women of Japan, China, Turkey, and India. The public part taken by Turkish and Persian women in their respective revolutions has impressed Moslems: in India their co-religionists are keenly sensible of the needs of education, of greater social laxity, as an economic necessity in a land increasingly permeated by Western institutions and ideas. Among the Hindus caste is being subjected to subtle influences like railway travel, famine and medical relief, and the common drawing of water from public wells. Custom, not religion, is responsible for *pardah* among the Hindus: it was probably a measure of self-protection against the successive swarms of foreign invaders that perpetuated caste, and certainly *pardah*.

Among the upper classes of the Orient tradition is adamant; but there is already a desire for relaxation. From this stratum the new, progressive "official" class is recruited by the democratic tendencies of government in China, Turkey, and, in a measure, Egypt and India. Moreover, in India there are now many offshoots of the leading races and tribes who place no restrictions on their women. But it would be misleading to praise the fidelity to the old régime observed by Mrs. Cooper in the Nizām's feudatory state, where, under a Moslem ruler, both *harīm* and *pardah* naturally subsist untouched by the Western influences of the rest of British India. The various semi-independent Native States will be the last, with the praiseworthy exception of Baroda, to prove amenable to any surrender of traditional custom. While their community is very small, yet we regret that Mrs. Cooper did not include the Pārsīs of western India, who have shed a strict tradition in order to emancipate their women, and who furnish the rest of India with the enviable example of prosperity and power which is commensurate with a high degree of social freedom.

The East is indubitably changing. The mental seclusion of the Oriental has been a religious seclusion: but there are abundant signs that the press of Western competition, of twentieth-century commercialism, tends to divorce the religious element from various forms of intellectual and social activity. Just how the Orient will enucleate its religious life without affecting its social and intellectual fabric remains to be seen. Reform in Hinduism through its various *samajes*, in Japanese Shintoism, is already at work. Legalized by the British in 1856, and advocated by the reform *samajes*, the remarriage of Hindu widows is slowly increasing. But reform will be difficult, though necessary, after the war, in a socially cohesive faith like Islam—the practice of polygamy under Islam has long suffered from sumptuary causes. Mrs. Cooper is sentimental about the possible loss of personality and character among Oriental women with the passing of restrictions, yet she praises the results of the same freedom among the Burmese. But in India, especially in Bengal, western India, and the Panjāb, where precedents are continually substituted, and where internal reform is active, there are no alarming signs of disintegration. The variety of race and creed within her borders, while slowly adapting itself to a general pattern of Western progress, has jealously retained a native integrity throughout the economic and social fluxes.

Mrs. Cooper does not sufficiently emphasize the power of education over environment. Customs like the Hindu levirate, of *niyoga* or temporary sex-unions in cases of sterility supported by the progressive Arya Samaj, are not popular among the increasing numbers of Hindu *literati*. While analogy is paradoxically uncertain in the East, if miracles of readjustment are possible among the men, then education and progress, as evidenced by the Pārsīs, must inevitably modify the *zenāna*. We miss from Mrs. Cooper's pages testimony to the enormous influence of pioneers like the Pundita Rambhai, Anandabhai Joshi, Cornelia Sorabji, and the Mahārāni of Cooch Behar, or of Lady Dufferin and the fervid Irishwoman, Sister Nivedita. Their example and teaching were infectious and inspiring, and the rewards are not, at this early day, far to seek. We regret to note the slovenly binding of the book, and an index, for even so cursory a study, would have been acceptable.

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TRUE COMEDY VERSUS SENTIMENTAL.

The Drama of Sensibility. By Ernest Bernbaum. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2 net.

Into the placid waters of eighteenth-century dramatic history Dr. Bernbaum now throws the bomb of a new theory of the sentimental drama. Whether it will sizzle and go out or explode and produce an upheaval and a new configuration will depend on the interest scholars take in accepted opinion. For the author contrives to challenge nearly every position assumed by English critics. Following the argument of Gustave Lanson's study of "Nivelle de la Chaussée et la comédie larmoyante," he maintains that sentimental comedy and domestic tragedy were none of the things which they have hitherto been held to be, but were simply an expression of the humanitarian conviction that human nature is essentially good and that when it is made to err by outside influences it may be reclaimed by an appeal to the emotions. As a consequence he finds in the age of Goldsmith and Sheridan the culmination of this type of play, which has, however, continued with undiminished vogue until this good day. Witness the production of Galsworthy's "Justice."

Curiously enough, there is combined with this conception of literature as an expression of social forces the "scientific" doctrine of literary *genres*, with high walls about them and their own histories of growth and retardation. Dr. Bernbaum's favorite contrast is between "true comedy" and sentimental. "True comedy" designates the satirical or impersonal holding up to ridicule exemplified by Restoration dramatists and by Plautus and Terence. If a wife outwits her husband by a witty disguise or trick, the comedy is true. If she plead with him, the play at once falls into the sentimental type. Essential as is a discrimination of the purpose or spirit of the playwright, one is frequently surprised by the lynx-like vision conferred by this illuminating contrast. In "The Careless Husband," for example, the author discovers that the action "from first to last is dominated by its sentimental heroine, Lady Easy." One reads this with a lifting of the eyebrows. Cibber thought he was making Lady Betty Modish, a very gay and witty young lady, and indeed an incorrigible coquette, the central character. He was so well convinced of this that he deferred completing the play for two years until he found an actress who could assume the rôle. And well he might, for he made his main plot consist in a trick whereby Lady Betty is brought to accept her lover. The audiences of the time cherished no doubts concerning the dominating character, since for years they applauded the Lady Betty of Mrs. Oldfield as one of her best parts. The uninitiated reader of to-day can come to no other conclusion, since Lady Easy appears in only some seven scenes and can be said to dominate only the one in the fifth act where her generosity brings her husband to repentance.

At other times Dr. Bernbaum's difference with contemporary opinion is not due to this dearly bought clairvoyance, but to a rigorous application of his definition. The most striking illustration may be taken from the age of Goldsmith. Goldsmith declared that in "Sentimental Comedy . . . the virtues of Private Life are exhibited, rather than the Vices exposed, and the Distresses rather than the Faults of Mankind make our interest in the piece." He admitted that "these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more. The question is, whether a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of bastard tragedy." Garrick and Coleman's "Clandestine Marriage" has been recognized as an effort at "true comedy," since it amuses us with scenes exposing the faults of private life and since Lord Ogleby is "a character supported throughout a piece, with its ridicule still attending." Dr. Bernbaum classes it as sentimental because of "its main plot and chief characters." "The Good-Natured Man" has been received as an exemplification of Goldsmith's contention that the follies of low life and of middle life are the proper objects of comedy. For Dr. Bernbaum it is "a sentimental comedy with sprightly comic passages." With complacent glee he entitles his last stage in the development of his *genre*, "Sheridan and the Final Triumph of Sentimental Comedy," for "Sheridan kept within the bounds to which sensibility had confined the Comic Muse."

It will be noted that Dr. Bernbaum bases his discussion on a more fundamental principle than previous critics have adopted, yet one wishes for a clearer connection between the drama and contemporary social ideals. He suggests that sentiment was confined to literature. He tells of the unedifying original of Lady Easy, and adverts to the far from sentimental life of Cibber. But it would have been interesting to learn the development of sensibility and humanitarian ideals in the social life of these changing years. Such a history is one of the *desiderata* for a real understanding of that age of reason. Possibly it would be too much to expect Dr. Bernbaum to provide this when one considers the care he has expended on the dramatic history. He takes nothing at second hand. Every phase which he includes he has submitted to a personal scrutiny. To be sure, a few slips occur. Miss Richland in "The Good-Natured Man" he refers to as Miss Richly (p. 228). In detailing the plot of "The Clandestine Marriage" he speaks of Fanny's troubles as culminating "one night" (p. 219). The phrase seems to imply a longer duration for the action than the two successive days actually presented. Of "False Delicacy" he says that "Lord Winworth presently realizes that it is still Lady Betty whom he loves" (p. 225). The whole distress of his situation lies in the fact that from the beginning he cannot divest himself of that love. He asseverates that Lovemore in "The Lying Lover" "was not even wounded" (p. 90). Of course, one might explain that unfortunate gentleman's reference to his wound as due to vividness of imagination, but can that interpretation apply to his complaint the next morning: "I'm weak by the effusion of so much blood"? These slips, and the surprising penetration which discovers unexpected evidence making for his contention, as well as a corresponding unawareness of evidence making against his position, are the more conspicuous from the mastery of the field he usually displays. He does not go astray even in the Restoration, where many another has failed to understand, and in later periods the suggestiveness of his point of view and the thoroughness of his analysis should stimulate discussion among lovers of eighteenth-century literature.

MR. DICKINSON'S INTERNATIONALISM.

The European Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

The author of this work believes that in the history of Europe there is a turning-point which marks the defeat of the ideal of world-order and the substitution of international anarchy in its place:

> That turning-point is the emergence of the sovereign state at the end of the fifteenth century. And it is symbolical of all that was to follow that at that point stands, looking down the vista of the centuries, the brilliant and sinister figure of Machiavelli.

Since that time Machiavellianism has been practiced by rulers and by nations, and lawlessness and anarchy have resulted:

> It is as true of an aggregation of States as of an aggregation of individuals that, whatever moral sentiments may prevail, if there is no common law and no common force the best intentions will be defeated by lack of confidence and security. Mutual fear and mutual suspicion, aggression masquerading as defence and defence masquerading as aggression, will be the protagonists in the bloody drama; and there will be, what Hobbes truly asserted to be the essence of such a situation, a chronic state of war, open or veiled. For peace itself will be a latent war; and the more the States arm to prevent a conflict the more certainly will it be provoked, since to one or another it will always seem a better chance to have it now than to have it on worse conditions later. Some one State at any moment may be the immediate offender; but the main and permanent offence is common to all States. It is the anarchy which they are all responsible for perpetuating.

Mr. Dickinson, perhaps, shares in the feeling which constantly becomes stronger now, that the ideal of cosmopolitanism, in later times so oft derided as it was expressed by Goethe, by Lessing, and by the humanitarians of the eighteenth century, may, after

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all, have been a finer development of the thought of mankind than the separateness and nationalism so highly vaunted and so much praised in the generations preceding the great war.

For the elucidation of his thesis the author surveys briefly the history of Europe since 1870, and makes also a cursory examination of the events immediately before the present conflict. Most of the small volume is taken up with this account, which will be found interesting and useful by many who would not use lengthier writings published recently; though we think that the author relies rather often and even excessively upon the opinions expressed by Baron Beyens in his "L'Allemagne avant la guerre."

We know of no writing on this subject which exhibits throughout such entire and fearless impartiality. Austrians in Bosnia and Herzegovina are like English in Egypt; the action of France in Morocco meets with condemnation; German policy and ideals are subjected to exactly the same sort of scrutiny as that given to the policy of Great Britain; and the author finds in the papers of the French Yellow Book and in Georges Bourdon's "L'Enigme Allemande" abundant support for his view that most Germans were strongly pacific. Nor does the character of the book result so much from these judgments and others like them as from the absolute detachment of spirit in which the statements are made. Yet he believes that German "romanticism," by which he means an intellectual quality tending to magnify and distort things, has made German imperialism and self-adoration something dangerous and peculiar. Without hesitation he ascribes to the Teutonic Powers direct responsibility for the war. "Sir Edward Grey is probably the most pacific Minister that ever held office in a great nation."

Such contribution as the author makes is found in observations which occur in the course of the narrative, and especially in the concluding pages. To him the immediate responsibility of any one nation is not the important thing, but the general system which makes all such wars possible:

> I do not palliate the responsibility of Germany for the outbreak of war. But that responsibility is embedded in and conditioned by a responsibility deeper and more general —the responsibility of all the Powers alike for the European anarchy. . . . Whatever be the issue of this war, one thing is certain: it will bring no lasting peace to Europe unless it brings a radical change both in the spirit and in the organization of international politics.

The author expatiates upon the evil of armaments: always they are for offensive or defensive purposes according to the personalities in power, and according to the mood of journalists and politicians. He points out a vicious circle involved in the fact that armaments engender fear, and fear is the cause of armaments. "The armed peace, as we have so often had to insist, perpetuates itself by the mistrust which it establishes." It is useless to hope for better things in attempting to crush Germany and reduce her to impotence, even if that be possible; lasting remedy can only be found in removing the causes of aggression or conflict. Nations must submit to law and to right in the settlement of their disputes; and their armed force must be reserved for the coercion of the law-breaker among nations who appeals to war instead of to the machinery provided by common consent for the settlement of international difficulties. "There will never be any guarantee for the public law of Europe until there is a public tribunal and a public force to see that its decisions are carried out."

We lapse into reverie as the last page is turned. Different are the tasks to be done in this world. In these present days of sorrow and fear some must die in the caves of Verdun, some be lost in Mesopotamia, and some keep guard in the German Ocean. But in better times to come hereafter, permanent progress will most likely be made, we think, if the ideals of Mr. Dickinson and his fellows can be worked out practically by statesmen and cherished and held fast by the people who follow them.

Notes

Harper & Bros. announce the publication of "Alfred Russel Wallace: Letters and Reminiscences," by James Marchant.

"Phyllis McPhilemy," by May Baldwin, will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Century Company announces for immediate publication "First Lessons in American History," by S. E. Forman.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Tish" will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in August. For next month this house announces the publication of "The Unspeakable Perk," by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

The following volumes have been announced by the Macmillan Company: "The Prisoner," by Alice Brown; "The Human Boy and the War," by Eden Phillpotts; "Their True Faith and Allegiance," by Gustavus Ohlinger; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," Vol. IV, by the late W. F. Monypenny and George Earl Buckle; "Nationalism, War, and Society," by Edward S. Krehbiel; "An Introduction to the Study of Organized Labor in America," by George Gorham Groat; "Social Problems," by Ezra Thayer Towne.

A convenient "Handbook of Athletic Games" (Macmillan; $1.50) has been compiled by Jessie H. Bancroft and William Dean Pulvermacher. It includes data on all sports which are practiced in schools and colleges, together with digests of the rules and brief instructions. Extra-college sports, such as polo, also receive attention. The aim has been to provide a guide, not too large for the pocket, for any who desire to make a systematic study of sport. The work would seem to be especially suited to the use of athletic instructors, who are often called upon to supervise a large range of activities.

Though his argument hardly carries conviction throughout, Mr. Norman Angell's admonition to this country, "The Dangers of Half-Preparedness" (Putnam; 50 cents), discusses a timely topic with some profit. He contends that to possess armament is to be but half forearmed, that armament by itself may easily lead to the very conflict which it is designed to forestall. A country may feel securely prepared only if it publishes in advance the issues for which it is willing to fight, and in general enunciates its stand on international questions. Mr. Angell naturally relieves a country of the duty of predicting the policies which it shall follow for centuries. Yet he believes that there are today many important issues which may sooner or later involve the United States in war unless they receive such open discussion as that accorded, for instance, to suffrage or prohibition. His whole tendency is towards a democratizing of diplomacy. Not a few, but the many, should have the say as to a country's international relations. In this connection it would have been well if the author had pointed out that his suggestions are not new, that similar action has been discussed, especially in England, for more than a century. He gives the impression that only our inertia keeps us from enjoying a panacea; whereas the difficulties in the way of making diplomacy a truly democratic institution are well known.

An instance of Mr. Angell's method is seen in his remarks on neutrality. Suppose, he says, that several years ago this country had sent to the Hague Tribunal the following message: "Any nation breaking some great rule of life between nations, say, going to war, without first submitting its differences with another nation, at least to examination, will not get our support, will never get our munitions or money or supplies, whether it can command the sea or not." The suggestion has the author's usual concreteness and plausibility. Only when one applies it to the war does its speciousness appear: Germany invaded defenceless Belgium; England's blockade is not regular; Germany, as well as many in this country, will not admit that she precipitated the war, insisting that the mobilization of her foes made the submitting of her case to discussion impossible. Who is to decide on the mere facts of this tangled situation? Obviously, by Mr. Angell's dispensation, the people of this entire country. Well, the people have been drawing their conclusions these two years, and the wrangling of partisans has distracted the land. Imagine the campaign of education which would have been necessary if the people had been asked to vote on the questions, Who began the war? and What is the status of the various belligerents with reference to the accepted principles of international law? One wonders also whether, under such an arrangement, foreign censors might not outwit our best efforts to arrive at the truth.

Of all the neutral countries Spain is probably the most sharply divided in public sentiment concerning the war. The more liberal and enlightened opinion generally favors the Allies; conservative opinion, the court circle (with the notable exception, it is generally asserted, of

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King Alfonso himself), and a venal press espouse the Teutonic cause. A book on the war by an able Spanish journalist is, therefore, of more than usual interest. Señor Gomez Carrillo was one of a party of foreign journalists who in the late autumn of 1914 were escorted under the ægis of the French Government over that part of France from which the tide of invasion had rolled back after the battle of the Marne. "Among the Ruins" (Doran; $1.50 net) is the appropriate title chosen for the record of his impressions, which has been translated from the Spanish with great felicity by Florence Simmonds. In addition to the interest which the volume derives from the nationality of the author, it commands attention as one of the few impressionistic accounts of the battlefields of France which, on account of real literary distinction, possess more than a transient value. Señor Carrillo is of course of those whose sympathies are enlisted firmly on the side of France. He writes as a true Latin, and to his task he brings an equipment of the finest Latin culture. The especial charm of his book lies in the felicity with which against the horrors of ruined cities and the devastating march of armies he has sketched in a background of literary and historical allusion.

Partisan though he is, the author is not partial. The restraint of his language and his readiness, indeed his anxiety, to give credit to the Germans for any conduct that merits praise inspire confidence in the accuracy and *fairness of his observations. Thus, while he* records, as others have recorded, until the cumulative weight of evidence has become irresistible, the awful record of German barbarities in French towns, at Senlis and Auve and Sermaize and Lunéville and a score of other places, he finds far more pleasure in recalling some of the amenities of strife—the account of the genial innkeeper of Coulommiers, where "not a pane of glass was missing" after the Germans had passed; the chivalrous action of a Bavarian prince; the partial fraternization of opposing troops in the trenches. He goes out of his way also to absolve the German Crown Prince of the charge of vandalism at the Château de Baye: there is no doubt about the vandalism, but the evidence, in Señor Carrillo's opinion, fails entirely to connect the Crown Prince with it. To one attribute of the German soldier our author pays frequent and unstinted tribute: throughout all the district of France that was occupied, and particularly in the Champagne region, his prowess at trencher and bottle has become legendary, the subject almost of a grudging admiration among his unwilling hosts. When the Spanish writer speaks of the French, whether of the people as a whole, or of the officers of the army, or of the piou-piou, it is always in eloquent terms. The camaraderie of officers and men, which is free and frank without being in any degree subversive of discipline, excites his warmest admiration and is contrasted sharply with the cold aloofness, if not worse, of the Prussian officer; it is the *gaieté de cœur* of the French soldier, as of the whole race, that has sustained him through the present ordeal and that, in the French army alone, has been able to impart even to the sordid, subterraneous struggle of the trenches something of the chivalry and glamour of earlier warfare. It is this same spirit, the author concludes, in a happy phrase, which "has given French history its airy and discreet brilliance, only comparable to that of the Athenian legend."

Despite the bitterness of the great conflict, the special organs which the Germans have established for the study of the languages and literatures of the peoples with whom they are now at war continue to be issued with the old regularity. This is, happily, true of the indispensable "Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft" (Berlin: Georg Reimer), as of the rest, and we have now before us Vol. 51 (1915) of the series. As appears from their communications, printed in this volume, the question of continuing the "Jahrbuch" in the face of existing conditions was submitted to the German Imperial Chancellor and other eminent men, including Wilamowitz-Möllendorf and Harnack, and the answer in each instance was an emphatic affirmative. A still further justification of this course is presented in the opening sections of the first article in the volume—the "Geleitwort" of the dramatist, Gerhart Hauptmann. The title of this article, "Deutschland und Shakespeare," might be applied very well to the original articles that follow upon it; for the majority of them deal with the relations of Shakespeare to the German drama and stage. Thus we have Edgar Gross's article on Grillparzer's relation to Shakespeare, and Ella Horn's, on the first performance of Schlegel's translation of "Hamlet." Of most general interest in this group is Paul Marx's discussion of Shakespeare and modern problems of staging. He gives an instructive review of experiments in the staging of Shakespeare's plays in Germany during the last twelve years or so, culminating in the well-known new Shakespeare stage at Munich, where an approximation is made to the methods of the dramatist's own age. Thus there is the same division of inner and outer stage, the former being decorated and furnished with appropriate properties, while the latter remains unfurnished and unchanged throughout the performance. There are evidently departures, however, from Elizabethan practice, inasmuch as in the Munich theatre most of the acting is on the inner, instead of the outer, stage, and the setting of this stage is far more elaborate than anything that was known in Shakespeare's day.

Among the original articles we have a delightful account, by Erwin Walter, of the presentation of "Hamlet" and other Shakespearean plays in Japan by native actors. These performances were highly successful, even from the European point of view. The author observes that the feudal atmosphere of Shakespeare's plays accords with Japanese social conditions and ideals, so that he readily wins his way where Goethe and other great dramatists of more recent centuries are received unsympathetically. The only article of Shakespearean criticism which the present volume contains is that of Wilhelm Creizenach on "The Merchant of Venice." The author adopts the view of those critics who hold that for Shakespeare, as for the groundlings, there was nothing tragic in Shylock's character or fate. The question has been so long debated that conversions in the ranks of either of the contesting parties are extremely improbable at this time of day. In our own judgment, however, despite all that Professor Creizenach and others have said, this interpretation is irreconcilable with Shylock's passionate defence of his position, to say nothing of the touch of mercy which is shown him at the end through the commutation of his fine. Professor Creizenach finds this last feature *ungeheuerlich,* but we see nothing *ungeheuerlich* in it, except that it runs counter to Professor Creizenach's own conception of the dramatist's intention. Besides the specially Shakespearean articles, Professor Brandl offers us here welcome (first) editions of two tracts by Sir Thomas Elyot, both of which were originally published in 1545, viz.: "The Defence of Good Women" and "A Preservative agaynste Deth." The former, especially, which is cast in the form of a platonic dialogue, is a genuine product of the Renaissance, in its constant appeal to the authority of the ancients, and also in its defence of women on the ground of their possession of the rational virtues, whereas a mediæval apologist would have fallen back on a half-mystical, half-conventional *schwärmerei* concerning the sex. In the later portion of the volume we have the usual reviews of articles and books that relate to Elizabethan literature—also, lists of the performances of Shakespeare's plays for the year, and of Shakespearean publications received by the Society. We should note, still further, the obituaries of Rudolph Genée, the Shakespearean scholar, and of George, Duke of Meiningen, who, after a long study of theatrical problems, organized the famous Meiningen company, some forty years ago. The ardent sympathy of his morganatic wife, Ellen Franz—herself a distinguished actress—was no small factor in his lifelong devotion to the higher interests of the stage.

Lovers of the two volumes of "Little Cities of Italy" will welcome André Maurel's new book, "A Month in Rome" (Putnam; $1.75 net). Vivacity is M. Maurel's forte, but he tempers it with discretion and knowledge. He blends successfully personal impressions, historic associations, with the usual and inevitable information. Originality is not expected in such a book, but M. Maurel attains it in the admirable appreciation of Michelangelo's design for the Capitoline. It is his distinction to have done justice to Rome of the baroch and modern periods. He does not lose his head, as some German critics have done, over the operatic manner of the Catholic Reaction, but he feels the greatness of such artists as Domenichino and Bernini, which is as it should be. Generally, the book is delightful to read. It would serve as a guide and itinerary, but its chief appeal may well be to those who long ago cast their copper in the Fountain of Trevi. To those who know their Rome it will not fail to rekindle great memories.

Without preamble, it may be said that "Pets for Pleasure and Profit," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Scribner; $1.50), is one of the most acceptable books in its field which has appeared. But a really comprehensive, sympathetic treatment of pets has yet to be written. There is an abstractness, an unconvincing quality, throughout the text which hints of too much compilation and interviewing, rather than of first-hand experience. There is lacking the narration of the joys and sorrows of an intimate acquaintance with many pets. The sweeping character of many facts and theories makes one tend to distrust lesser details of food and care. Again and again we are told that certain animals and birds make interesting, long-lived pets, when it is well known that they are wholly unsuitable for captivity save in some well-conducted zoo. But trustworthy sources are evident throughout most of the chapters, and, if often vague, the gen-

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eral methods of treatment are safe and reasonable. The definition of pets is strained to the breaking-point by the inclusion of numerous creatures altogether too uncomfortable to fondle or too rare ever to be obtained by any except zoölogical gardens. Lesser errors are not infrequent: Daily fruit and green food are not bad for cage birds; nightingales are not hardy, and are far from being constant songsters; tender, warty feet curable by cold cream is not a peculiar ailment of the blackcap; the motmot does not think he can improve upon nature, nor consciously strip his tail-feathers; the lower figure on the plate facing page 284 is a Bornean white-tailed pheasant. The illustrations, with a few exceptions, are negligible in execution and interest. Reptiles are inadequately dismissed with a scant dozen pages, and there is no trace of an index. The general impression is not of a carefully executed piece of work. We do not feel that the heart of the author was really in his labor, and we await with impatience a volume which will adequately cover this interesting field.

"Marco Sanudo, Conqueror of the Archipelago," by J. K. Fotheringham, assisted by L. F. R. Williams (Oxford University Press), is a piece of historical research centring upon a notable figure, but not specifically confined to the events of his life. "It is intended primarily for those who may have occasion to write on some subject on which it throws light"; "no attempt has been made at proportion, and the amount of space devoted to different parts of the subject is determined solely by the character and quantity of the evidence and the discussions to which it gives rise." The preface cites the particular subjects and issues upon which the book seeks to throw light; and a carefully prepared index serves to increase the utility of the collections. Perhaps the most recondite material to which the author has obtained access is Grimaldi's manuscript Ἱστορία τῆς Νάξου. An appendix contains a number of extracts from authorities, including Grimaldi. The author admires Sanudo as "a capable leader, a capable ruler, a man of winning ways that attached to his person both subjects and adventurers, who founded a dynasty and converted a desert into a fruitful plain." That Sanudo was unscrupulous is not strange, in that age; but that he was so in his actions towards the government of his own city is thought to constitute the one stain on his fair fame. The tone of the volume and the qualities displayed by the author inspire confidence.

"Church and Nation" constitutes the Bishop Paddock lectures for 1914-15, delivered at the General Theological Seminary, New York, by the Rev. William Temple, rector of St. John's, Piccadilly (Macmillan; $1). In his preface Dr. Temple justifies the attitude of England as a Christian nation in declaring war. Great Britain was "morally bound to declare war, and is no less bound to carry the war to a decisive issue," but "the war is none the less an outcome and a revelation of the un-Christian principles which have dominated the life of Western Christendom, and of which both the Church and the nations have need to repent." While the war is not mentioned in the lectures, it is this war between Christian nations and the Kikuyu incident, the exhibition of doctrinal war within the Church itself, which form the motive of the author's discussion. Perhaps we should also add to these the industrial and social war of rich and poor, employers and employed, to which he devotes one chapter. Throughout Dr. Temple is the exponent of the *via media*, the typical Anglican and Englishman, of the best type, radical in essence, conservative in practice, advancing by compromise and opportunism. He recognizes the essential validity of non-Conformist sacraments, but advocates in practice for the present close communion. He feels that there is neither liberty nor justice for the working man, and "the Church has paid scarcely any attention to these things in England." But he is an advocate of no radical measures, nor even of specifically Church action. "It is no part of the Church's task to advocate general principles or particular maxims of economic science." The Church must, however, inspire the state to act. As between the nations, the Catholic Church, while "upholding the ideal of brotherhood," must "recognize the divinity of the nation." The Church is a spiritual society to secure fellowship among nations. Nations must recognize their moral obligation towards that fellowship. That sense of obligation must be sufficient "to prompt a nation which has no interest in a particular dispute to make sacrifices for the general good, by spending blood and treasure in upholding the authority of the international court or council. What will secure this, except the realization of common membership in the Kingdom of God and in the Christian Church?"

The Oxford University Press issues a reprint of Wordsworth's tract on "The Convention of Cintra" (originally published in 1809), with two letters of Wordsworth on the Napoleonic war, written in 1811. Prof. A. V. Dicey has contributed an Introduction, in which he deals historically with the Convention, and points out the permanent value of Wordsworth's doctrines. The editor's eye, it need scarcely be said, is on the conflict of to-day as much as on that of a hundred years ago. The book is thus in some measure made into a tract for the times.

Under the direction of its superintendent, Dr. Milo M. Quaife, the State Historical Society of Wisconsin has begun the publication of a Calendar series, intended to list eventually the whole of the great Draper collection of manuscripts. Volume I of the series, which has just appeared (Madison: The Society; $1.50), deals with the Preston and Virginia papers, together comprising twenty-two volumes of the four hundred and sixty-nine in the Draper collection. Brief descriptions of both sets of papers were included in a list of the Society's manuscripts, edited by the late Reuben G. Thwaites, and a few of the documents have been printed; but the calendars will for the first time make the collection available for students. The Preston papers, ranging in date from 1730 to 1886 (only four pieces, however, being of later date than 1791), are very miscellaneous, but relate principally to military operations, Indian affairs, and land titles and surveys. The Virginia manuscripts, covering about the same period, but with numerous documents of the nineteenth century, are of the same general character, including, however, a number of papers of biographical interest. The work of calendaring has devolved upon Miss Mabel C. Weaks, chief of the division of maps and manuscripts, and has been carefully done. There is a full index.

Science

FOUR-WINGED BIRDS.

A Tetropteryx Stage in the Ancestry of Birds. By C. William Beebe, Curator of Birds. Zoölogica: Scientific Contributions of the New York Zoölogical Society. Vol. II, No. 2. With plates. Published by the Society: The Zoölogical Park, New York.

If evidence were longer needed that a scientific problem can at times be stated briefly, with no sacrifice to clearness, this model little paper by Mr. Beebe on the evolution of Bird-Flight could be cited to advantage. In it the author propounds an idea which is both novel and interesting—that in the course of their evolution modern birds have passed through a four-winged stage, or one in which they possessed both pectoral and pelvic wings, and strong evidence is adduced in its support. The idea was suggested by noticing, in the almost naked body of a four days' old white-winged dove, a row of sprouting quills on the membrane which connects the body with the leg, or, to speak more precisely, from below the knee to the pelvis, along the free border of the patagium, and therefore just behind the thigh and parallel with it. This was seen to be no casual growth, but a series of some twelve stout feather-tubes, provided with one-half that number of definitely placed coverts, which gave the impression of a rudimentary pelvic wing, in correspondence with the true wing of the modified arm.

This interesting observation was made too late in the season for extended comparisons with representative nestlings of many orders of birds, but the same vestigial structures were detected in the embryo Jacana, as well as in the young of the common domestic pigeon. Thus, in the one-week-old squab the rudiment appears as a well-defined tract, marked by seven flight-feathers and four coverts; at two weeks there are ten large feathers, and at three weeks no less than twelve, with ten coverts.

Upon one subject all zoölogists are agreed: that the modern birds, as Professor Huxley was wont to say, are glorified reptiles, and that the far-famed Archæopteryx of the distant Jurassic Period fulfils to perfection every requirement of a common ancestral type which any theory of organic descent could require; this long-gone ancestor was of about the size of a crow, and possessed a lizard-like head with jaws set with sharp, conical teeth; it was likewise the possessor of a long, vertebrated tail and a reptilian pelvis, but it had also rounded, feathered wings, each of which terminated in three clawed fingers, as well as avian feet; moreover, its long tail was bordered on either side with a row of stout feathers, set in a way to suggest that this organ served as a plane, to assist the rather weak wings

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in scaling flight, from tree to tree. The free fingers of the wings, like the clawed toes, were doubtless serviceable in holding to the bark, as well as in climbing, for it is not at all probable that Archæopteryx had the power of rising from the ground to any considerable height by the aid of its wings alone. Archæopteryx cannot be strictly classified as either bird or reptile, for it combines in about equal measure the salient characteristics of both these classes of modern animals. In short, as the Irishman would say, "it was ayther; it was nayther."

If the embryonic or juvenal tract of fugitive feathers on the leg of modern birds were really the vestige of a former functional wing or plane, then, surely, Archæopteryx could be expected to offer unimpeachable testimony upon this question. Unfortunately, but two specimens of this eloquent fossil have ever been discovered, and as commonly happens they are by no means so complete as could be desired, and only stammer or remain silent upon certain points; but the author believes that they supply the witness needed in support of his idea. The legs of Archæopteryx show two rows of long feathers on the tibia, in the region of the pelvis and thigh; from this the author concludes that this toothed bird-reptile possessed a feather plane or wing in the membrane which must have stretched between the leg and pelvis, and that with the tail it served as a counterpoise to the proper wings.

Although Archæopteryx could have possessed little power of directive flight, the true wing was nevertheless then becoming a dominant organ, and the pelvic planes were in a state of decline; we must therefore conclude that it was descended from ancestors still more archaic and lizard-like, that possessed membranous wings corresponding to the four limbs which were used for planing, much as in a flying squirrel. Some slight power of flapping flight may have been an attribute of the bird-reptiles of the Jurassic Period; but in later ages came the complete concentration of the supporting and directive powers, displayed in flight, in the feathered fore-limbs, with all the correlative changes in musculature and respiration which this implies; this change, moreover, was attended by a shortening of the tail to its present proportions, as well as by a reduction of the pelvic wing to the obscure rudiment which still lingers in the embryo or nestling of the present day.

"Millions of years after they were of use," says the author, "the feathers of the pelvic wing are still reproduced in embryo and nestling. And for some unknown reason Nature makes each squab pass through this Tetropteryx stage. The line of feathers along the leg of the young bird reproduces on this diminutive, useless scale the glory that once was theirs. No fossil bird of the ages prior to Archæopteryx may come to light, but the memory of Tetrapteryx lingers in every dovecote."

Art

THE DECLINE OF THE INTERNATIONAL

LONDON, May 15.

These last few years the International Society has been going from worse to worse, and in the Exhibition just opened reaches the lowest level to which it has yet sunk. The war cannot be held wholly responsible, since, despite the war, even the Royal Academy, though not particularly brilliant, has managed to get together a more interesting collection. There are really three causes for the decline which had begun to threaten the International before the war was heard of. One is the gradual elimination of the international element, in the beginning the chief reason for the Society's existence. The second is the gradual absorption into the Academy of members of the Council, though Whistler, the first president of the International, made it a condition that no member of the Academy should have a place on the Council, believing rightly that no artist can serve two societies. The third is the fee charged for the exhibition of work by outsiders, when of old the outsider was admitted either by special invitation or by submission of his work to a vigorous selecting and hanging committee. The mediocrity of the present show may be traced to these three innovations entirely at variance with the original aims and ambitions of the Society.

To begin with, save for a few rare exceptions, there is no work this year from abroad, though all artists who are not British are by no means alien enemies. Rodin, the president, is not represented. Indeed, the rumor is that he is on the point of resigning, which would not be surprising, so little can he have in common with the Society as it now is, so seldom has he of late years taken a public part in its affairs. But if he does resign, the outlook for the International will be far more serious, for his name is still one of its most valuable assets. Nor is there anything by any one of the numerous distinguished foreign ordinary and honorary members whose names appear conspicuously only at the beginning of the catalogue. The sole foreign work of any note or pretence whatever is by Leon de Smet, whose two paintings, in their present surroundings, have at least the virtue of sensationalism—it is impossible not to see them. One is a Venus on a large canvas—a nude with hair of startling red and a bit of dead black drapery thrown across the whiteness of her white body, the couch on which she reclines covered with a gay pattern, a bunch of gay flowers showing above it—all painted in so high a key that it fairly shrieks at you as you pass. The technique is accomplished in its echo of Impressionism, but this sort of painting to-day always makes one suspect that it would never have been had the artist not feared that to exercise restraint would mean to disappear in the big, crowded modern exhibition. The other painting is a mere note of the Russian Ballet, an arrangement of empty spaces of violet and blue and red, restless in treatment, failing in harmony, a proof that an effect appropriate to the stage may fail altogether to tell on canvas. A not very notable bronze by Brzeska, who based his style on primitive, or, rather, savage, sculpture, and who was lately killed on the western front, and a color print or two by Verpilleux virtually complete the list of foreign contributions in the exhibition of a society that once prided itself on showing all that was most distinguished and vital, most original and promising, in the art not merely of Great Britain, but of the world.

The secession of members of the Council to the Academy is also disastrous in results, if in a lesser degree; the temptation to reserve their most important works for the Academy, believed in implicitly by the big public as the most important London exhibition, is almost irresistible. To Burlington House William Strang, the vice-president, has sent his Queen of Sheba, though, to be honest, this is no great loss to the International. But as it is his largest and most ambitious picture this year, it explains that to his own Society he gives the second choice. Like De Smet, Strang paints in a high key, but with a shrillness all his own, that will not let you ignore him. His excuse for his shrill color is said to be his dependence upon Time as his collaborator. Time may modify the unpleasant rawness of the pinks and yellows and blues in the costumes of the man and the woman, who, in his Listener, stand, inanimate as puppets, by an array of cauliflowers, leeks, and lemons, no less raw in color and lifeless in handling, that label them as the costers nobody otherwise could suspect them to be. But Time can scarcely be relied upon to give the two figures modelling and substance and life. The man, as spotless as if got up for a fancy-dress ball, and the woman, for whom a primitive Madonna might have posed, have no relation to reality, though real costers would have been more amusing to paint, nor do the flat spaces of color into which they resolve themselves make an agreeable pattern. They are treated as still life, but still life indifferently observed and more indifferently rendered. Strang's portrait of Cynthia King Farlow, a little girl in red plaid skirt and red jersey, holding a dog in her arms, is less unpleasant simply because the color scheme does not allow of equal shrillness. The paint is as raw, the figure has no greater semblance of life. In both cases the painter has left more to his collaborator than I fear it will be within the power of the collaborator to accomplish.

Lavery also has sent his principal portraits to the Academy. At the International he has only an uninteresting full-length of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, a young girl in white, with blue ribbons, characterless, expressionless, without even the merit, a merit once Lavery's strong point, of being well placed on the canvas. C. H. Shannon is as faithless. For his three portraits at the

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Academy, he shows at the International but another version of one of the three, the half-length of a woman, like the Academy canvas quiet and agreeable in tone, deliberately artificial in the insistence of color in the blue of her ring, the red of her coral buttons, but empty and lifeless as a portrait. Glyn Philpot is the exception who abstains from the Academy in favor of the International, but he adds little to the interest of the Society he prefers. He has a fairly large and pretentious painting called Under the Sea, in which he elaborates the brilliant sea anemones and sea weeds and corals and other luxuriant growths as he imagines them filling the bed of the ocean with color and variety, dropping into their midst a broken statue for the sake of the human note, and yet, for all his elaboration, he succeeds merely in suggesting that his inspiration and his detail were found in a friend's, or his own, aquarium. To counterbalance Philpot's adherence, Anning Bell, D. Y. Cameron, and Orpen, three other Associates of the Academy and members of the International Council, are absent altogether from the International, while they are duly represented at the Academy.

This disaffection might be less disastrous if the artists who have not yet been swallowed up in the Royal Academy made a better showing. But they do not. A few make no showing at all. Those who exhibit are not in sufficient strength to lend animation to the listless walls. Among them is William Nicholson, who has never carried his interest in still life so far as in his Hundred Jugs, a title that gives the clue to his subject and its scope. The canvas is full of clever, even beautiful, passages—in the blue of the jug that draws the eye at once to the centre of the canvas, in a gay pattern here and a flowery decoration there, in the brilliancy or delicacy of a glaze, in the gray of dull gray earthenware. But there is no design, and in consequence no effect. The jugs are huddled together anyhow. More would have been got out of a dozen well-placed than out of this muddle of a hundred crowded into too confused a mass to allow of any rhythm of line or color. An amusing exercise for the painter no doubt, it hardly seems to call for the dignity of a frame and the place of honor in a gallery. His three portraits are not remarkable, but at least Colonel Stuart-Wantley in khaki has appealed to him as something more than a decorative motive, and excited him to an endeavor to render both the character and the planes of the face and to fill the coat with a man made of flesh and blood.

James Pryde, no matter what his subject, has not yet been induced to evade the decorative motive. He has built up on his one canvas a ponderous architectural structure, placed a statue of Christ under the lofty arch, and called it The Shrine, but in color and spacing it seems little more than a repetition of his recent four-posters and town-gates. He faces no problem in art nowadays that cannot be solved by a palette loaded with grays and a trick of exaggeration in architectural design. But it is seldom that the artist who disdains Academic convention proves in the long run strong enough not to lose himself in a convention of his own. Walter Sickert is another who has been hailed as an independent, and if he has become as mannered as Pryde, he has better retained his reputation for independence because he has been teaching now for some years and has turned out a group of devoted followers and imitators. But with age he has not given over the game of shocking or puzzling the *bourgeois* that entertained him in his younger days. In his one painting at the International, La Gaieté Montparnasse, the puzzle he sets is to find the theatre, or the special part of the theatre, which is his subject, in a violent perspective and a space of dingy paint and rough brush marks. Even as a challenge it is less successful than the more determined and often dingier puzzles of the Cubist. It is simply dull.

There is little else to note one way or the other, except perhaps a dexterous piece of painting in the gorgeous bolero of a bull-fighter by Gerald Kelly; a small clever study of a ship's doctor by George Lambert; a big painting of a crowded country fair by Laura Knight, not so good, however, as her countryside at the Academy; an occasional landscape with some slight feeling of out-of-doors; the Black-and-White, once the most stimulating section of the International, contains less, if possible, to detain one. A few lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club—A. S. Hartrick, Ethel Gabain, John Copley, D. A. Veresmith—are the exceptions. As for the sculpture, of late years one might think that the prominent place yielded to sculptors in the name of the Society was considered ample compensation for keeping the sculptors themselves out of the exhibition.

If there is so little interesting or suggestive work, it may be wondered how the fairly large Grosvenor Gallery is filled. The third of the three innovations to which I have referred will supply the explanation. The walls are covered largely by the work of the outsiders who pay for the privilege, and who, in the Society's earlier years, would not have had the shadow of a chance as exhibitors. The second-rate has been passed, even the third-rate, by a committee to whom the old rigors of control are evidently no longer permitted. It would be amusing, were it not so discouraging, to contrast the published list of members, which contains the names of many of the most distinguished artists in Europe and America, with the list of the exhibitions in which a large proportion of the names are practically unknown even at home. Were the work fine, it would make little difference if the names were known or not. But nowhere is there a revelation of genius, nowhere a promise of distinction. Indeed, it is a curious commentary on the present attitude of artists towards the International that the young Kennington, who jumped into notoriety there a couple of years ago, should now prefer to show his work in a dealer's gallery. Financially, the Society's change of policy in this respect may mean a gain for the moment, but the price is far too high to pay for the sacrifice of principles upon which its fame and success were based. The International began its career with the same ambitions, and worked for much the same ends, as the Société National des Beaux-Arts in France and the various Secessions in Germany, Austria, and Italy. But in its revolt against the official in art, it was careful not to make of itself a refuge for the weakling and the amateur, the rejected and the crank. Its standard was the highest, and only by steady and rigid adherence to this standard can it continue to justify its existence. Every secession, every revolt, has a tendency to lose its first ardors as time goes on. We all know what the "new" Salon in Paris is to-day. But the decline of the International has been more rapid and is already more complete, so that even so amiable a critic as Sir Claude Phillips does not hesitate to say that it has no longer any very definite character, and is no longer able to exercise any very definite influence. The danger is that, with its decline, officialism in art, as represented by the Royal Academy, will take on a new lease of life.

N. N.

The *Nation* has often spoken cordially of the growing work done by public collections of art in the West, and an especial word is required by the opening of one of the largest and most beautiful museums in America in Wade Park, Cleveland, on June 6. The building is of white marble, classic in design, with Ionic portico and without outside windows, except for those at the two ends, standing on a terrace that commands Euclid Avenue and the park lake. Its construction, made possible by the generosity of a number of Cleveland men, notably John Huntington and Horace Kelley, embodies the latest ideas as to lighting system, control of temperature, photographic work, and facilities for lectures and concerts. Notable architectural features are a domed rotunda, given over to classic art, and a court designed as an Italian garden, with Italian and Flemish sculpture. At the inaugural exercises appeared President Charles L. Hutchinson, of the Art Institute of Chicago, whose subject was "Democracy in Art"; Mr. H. W. Kent, of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, who spoke on "The Museum of the Future"; President J. R. Van Derlip, of the Milwaukee Art Museum, and President Evans Woolen, of the John Herron Art Museum of Indianapolis. The director of the Cleveland Museum is Mr. Frederic Allen Whiting.

The Cleveland Museum opens with a considerable number of art treasures. A collection of Italian art has been given by the estate of the late L. E. Holden, of the city, and includes examples of the Siennese, Venetian, Umbrian, and Florentine schools. A series of eight fine seventeenth-century Italian tapestries from the Barberini Palace, Rome, representing the adventures of Æneas, has been announced as the gift of Mrs. Dudley P. Allen. Armor from the Macomber collection, Boston, places this department at once ahead of almost any other except the Metropolitan's. The Museum receives also the J.

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H. Wade collection of tapestries, gold and silver objects, jewel work, and woven and embroidered textiles; the large John Huntington and Worcester Warner collections of Oriental art, and the library of landscape gardening from the Garden Club of Cleveland. There is also the nucleus of a collection of early American and of modern French art. The Museum has a liberal endowment from the late Hinman B. Hurlbut, of Cleveland, and an exploration fund contributed to by various men, and it has already announced the employment of an agent to tour Europe in search of art objects. But its greatest usefulness will for some time lie in obtaining loan collections, and in this it has made a promising beginning—the inaugural being marked by the loan of masterpieces from all over the country, and by an "invitational exhibit" by living American painters. There is every evidence that it will take a prominent place in the chain of art galleries that stretches from Buffalo to Minneapolis.

Finance

LENDING TO EUROPE AGAIN.

The recent estimate made on the authority of the Federal Reserve Board, regarding the American market's loans to the outside world since the war began, was $1,000,000,000; this in addition to another $1,000,000,000 invested in repurchase of our own securities from Europe. Of the loans thus made to foreign borrowers, all but $370,000,000 were placed here by the belligerent governments. Somewhat more than a year ago there was a good deal of political outcry concerning this country's lending such sums for use in a foreign war, and it is true that the United States did not resort to any foreign market while its outstanding loan issues rose from $90,000,000 in 1861 to $2,300,000,000 in 1865. But Europe nevertheless bought our securities, old and new, in enormous quantities during the Civil War; this was its way of taking payment for the four hundred million dollars' excess during that period of imports into the United States over exports.

As the United States has been selling vastly more to belligerent Europe, since this war began, than Europe sold us in the Civil War, the case seemed clearly to be reversed. It has been an operation which, on general principles, bankers call good business. It not only stimulates purchases and avoids derangement of the international money market, but in this case it placed our markets in a position in which, as creditor to Europe on security account, the retention of our position as a financial world-market, even after the war, was made possible.

The impression of the general public has apparently been that, except for the spectacular $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan last autumn, our market's advances of the sort have been few and unimportant. The impression is not correct. The announcement last week that a credit of $50,000,000 had been extended to Russia in New York, and circumstantial reports that negotiations over the long-pending French loan, probably of $100,000,000, might be completed within the next fortnight, bring the total of loans made or about to be made to belligerent Europe by American bankers and investors up to approximately $900,000,000.

The use of "bankers' acceptances" and demand loans, often not reported, in advances made to the European belligerents renders it difficult to trace more precisely the amounts that have been thus far lent. Russia was accorded an "acceptance credit" of $25,000,000 by New York bankers in January, 1915, followed by another of $7,000,000. Prior to April, 1915, some $22,000,000 had been lent to France, and in that month there was offered $50,000,000 one-year 5 per cent. notes, of which some $30,000,000 were sold and the balance withdrawn. In August France got a commercial credit of $20,000,000; in November, $15,000,000, and bankers are now advancing another $15,000,000 in the same way.

It had been known, long before last week, that both France and Russia were negotiating for further credits. The proceeds of the pending Russian credit, like those of the Anglo-French loan of last autumn, are to be used in paying for supplies bought in this country, already largely accounted for in orders just placed for 350,000 tons of rails and probable orders for 10,000 cars. These purchases have an interesting parallel in Russia's heavy buying of munitions in Japan, where the bankers have taken $50,000,000 of short-term Russian securities in payment for such exports.

Last February the Russian Finance Minister stated that Russian Government bonds had been offered as security. As actually concluded, however, the credit of $50,000,000 is backed by the novel arrangement of a reciprocal credit of 150,000,000 rubles in Petrograd, in favor of the American banking group, the ruble thus receiving an arbitrary valuation of 33 1-3 cents against a present exchange rate in New York of 30.65, and an American mint valuation of 51.2 cents. Since the agreement is to run for three years, and carries the option of purchasing Russian Imperial Government 5½ per cent. bonds with the ruble credit, the speculative possibilities of the plan are apparent.

Advance details, authoritative so far as is possible at this time, also indicate some novel security provisions of the pending French loan. This security, consisting principally of stocks and bonds of Swiss, Dutch, Scandinavian, and other corporations of neutral European countries lent to the French Government by French investors may be deposited with the American lenders, who would then issue their own debentures against this collateral.

How much further will this process of making the United States the creditor of Europe go, and what will be its effect on the economic relations of the rest of the world to us, after the war? No more interesting question has arisen in the course of this precedent-making conflict. The strong probability is that our markets will continue to lend to the European states, not only during the war, but for a long time after it is over; that our investors will grow accustomed to this lately unfamiliar form of investment, and that the borrowing European states will continue to pay interest and redeem or refund their loans without default, because they must keep their credit good.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Thornton, M. T. When Pan Pipes. Doran. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A List of Newspapers in the Yale University Library. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3 net.
Backus, W. V. Making Happiness Epidemic. Holt.
Burnet, J. The Socratic Doctrine of the Soul. Oxford University Press.
Clarke, E. L. American Men of Letters. Longmans, Green.
Eisenman, C. Everybody's Business. Cleveland, O.: The Burrows Bros. Co.
Goethe's Poems. Edited by M. Schütze. Boston: Ginn. 75 cents net.
Pallen, C. B. The Education of Boys. New York: The American Press.
Stevens, D. H. Party Politics and English Journalism. 1702-1742. Wisconsin: George Banta Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Thompson, E. N. S. John Milton-Topical Bibliography. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Toller, T. N. An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. Part II. Eorp-Geolwe. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.
Warfield, W. The Gate of Asia. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Washburn, C. W. The Story of the Earth. Century. 45 cents.
Who's Who in America. Edited by A. N. Marquis. Vol. IX, 1916-17. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.
Wood, R. K. The Tourists' Northwest. Dodd, Mead. $1.75 net.
Work and Play Books. 11 Vols. Doubleday, Page & Co. $11 set.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bruno, J. F. Rosmini's Contribution to Ethical Philosophy. New York: The Science Press.
Goodspeed, E. J. The Story of the New Testament. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Ferguson, M. State Regulations of Railroads in the South. Longmans, Green.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bouchier, E. S. Syria as a Roman Province. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society 1913-14. Edited by W. E. Connelley. Vol. XII. Topeka, Kansas: Kansas State Printing Plant.
France, A. Pierre Nozière. Lane. $1.75 net.
Fried, A. H. The Restoration of Europe. Translated by L. S. Gannett. Macmillan. $1 net.
Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War. By Various German Writers. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Pound, E. Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir. Lane. $3.50 net.
Robson, S. E. Joshua Rowntree. Foreword by J. R. Harris. London: Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.
Stephen, S. I. Neutrality? Chicago: Neutrality Press. 50 cents.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Beegle, M. P. and Crawford, J. R. Community Drama and Pageantry. Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Kitson, C. H. Applied Strict Counterpoint. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

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